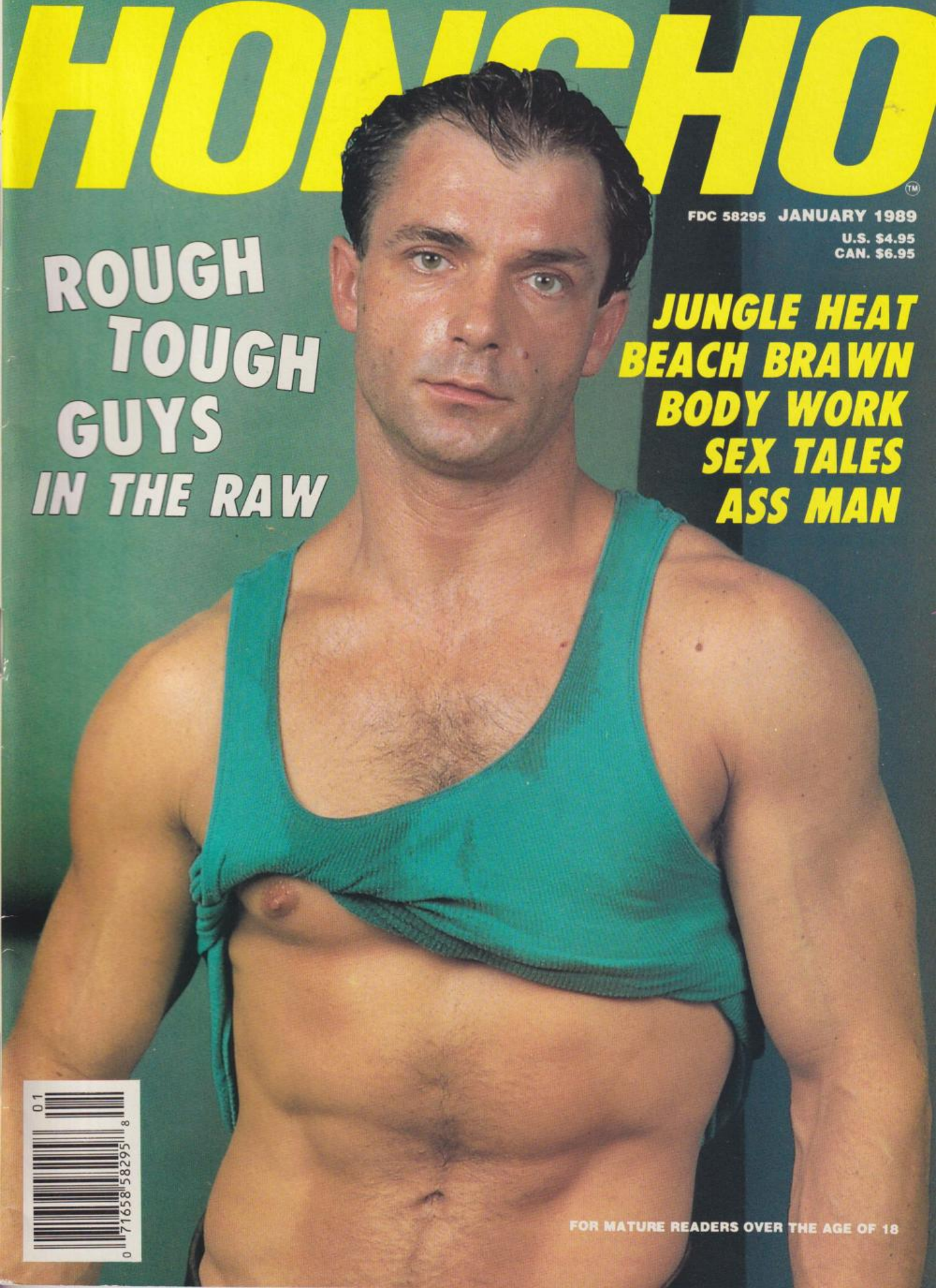
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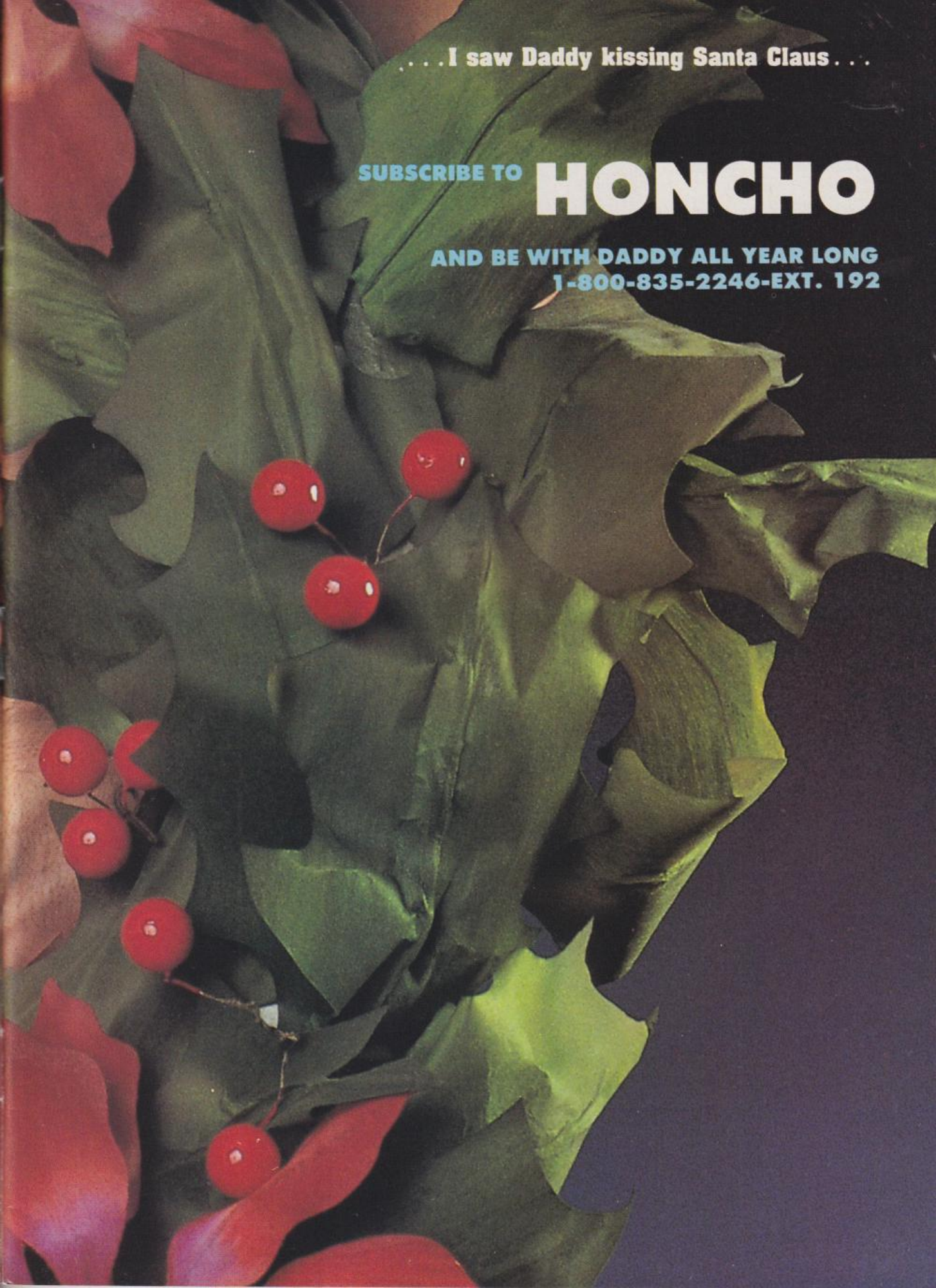
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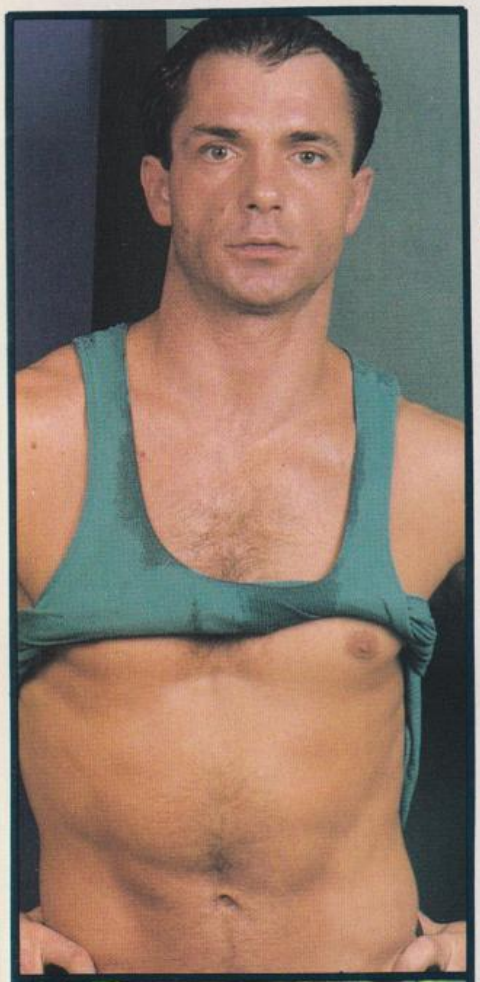

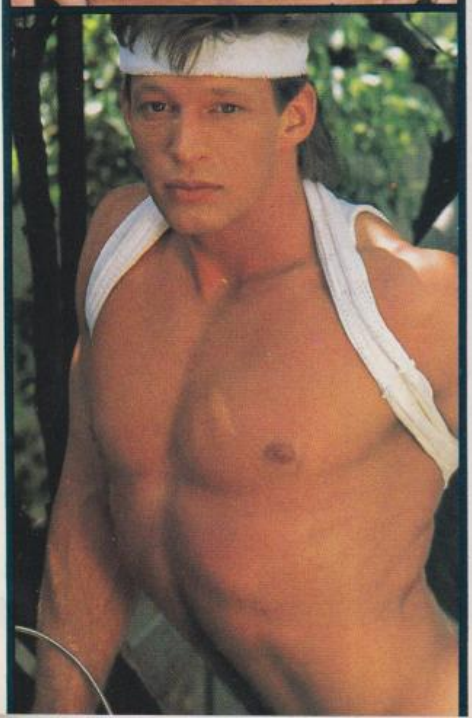

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There's a lot to be said for wisdom and experience...

OLDER MEN

BY FRANK BROOKS

I've always been nuts for older men. The day I turned 18, I hopped barefoot on my skateboard after school and rode downtown to a porn shop where I'd heard you could suck off older guys through glory holes between the movie booths. I'd never been in a porn shop before, nor had I ever sucked off a man. My mind went wild with fantasies and by the time I arrived at the porn shop I was about creaming in my jeans.

"And where do you think you're going?" said the clerk as I walked past the counter. "Out!" He jerked his thumb toward the door. "Out! Under 18 not allowed."

I'd been afraid of that happening, so I had my driver's license ready and I pushed it across the counter at him. He eyed the license suspiciously. My blond hair, hardly covering my ears in the driver's license picture, now hung shoulder-length in back and nearly covered my eyes in front. I tossed the hair out of my eyes so he could get a better look at me, and I smiled.

"It's me," I said.

He flipped the license back at me. "It better be," he said.

Shoving the license in my hip pocket, I started again toward the back room where I'd been told the glory holes were.

"Hey!" snapped the clerk. "You got quarters? You gotta show me some quarters to go back there. And that skateboard stays up here." He made change for me and took away my board.

The back room was dark and it took several seconds for my eyes to adjust. Then I saw a dozen or so men standing up and down the long corridor between movie booths. They were jiggling quarters and looking my way. Some of them started stepping into booths. I wasn't sure what to do, so I stepped into the booth nearest me and shut the door. Something wet and sticky oozed up between my toes. I looked down and discovered I'd stepped into a puddle of cum. In the dim light I saw puddles of cum all over the floor, and on the movie screen mounted on the back of the booth door, more cum was trickling down.

Shaking with excitement, I pulled out my cock. All that cum! I

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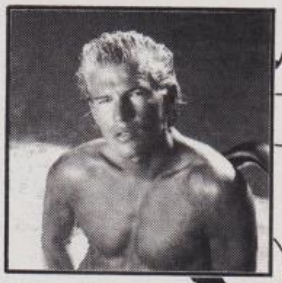

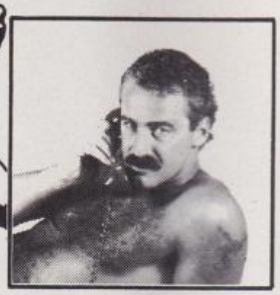

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couldn't believe it! I started beating off and suddenly a hand out of nowhere reached for my cock.

"Nice dick," a voice whispered, and I saw a man's face perched in a glory hole to my right. "Take off your clothes. Let's see all of that young body."

He was an old guy, at least sixty, and I undressed quickly. ! wanted him to see all of me. I got off on being naked in front of older guys. When the guy saw me without a stitch on, his tongue dropped out, drooling.

My dick flexed with excitement. I'd have shoved it in the old guy's mouth if suddenly a hand hadn't started stroking my bare ass. I wheeled around in surprise and found another glory hole behind me. The man in this glory hole made a grab for my cock, and I backed up, giggling. The old guy behind me kissed my butt. I bent over slightly, pressing my bare ass up to the hole, and he started licking out my crack. I spread my cheeks and he stuck his tongue up my asshole.

"Yeahhh!" I groaned, wiggling my butt in the old guy's face. I'd put my own fingers up my asshole before, but never experienced a tongue. I wiggled my ass and stroked my cock. "Eat my hole!"

The man in the glory hole I was facing watched me getting a rim-job. He was maybe 50. "I'd love to suck your stiff young cock," he whispered. "Come on, baby, fuck my face."

I flicked my tongue between my lips and blew him a kiss. I wanted him to suck me, but I couldn't bring myself to pull my ass off the other guy's tongue. It felt so fucking good. I'd probably have beat off while getting a rim-job if the guy in front of me hadn't pulled his face away from the hole and replaced it with his cock. It was the biggest, sweatiest, sexiest cock I'd ever seen in my life, and it was sticking right up at me through the hole and throbbing.

Hypnotized, I dropped to my knees. The giant cock was uncut and full of bulging veins. Lube oozed from the open pisshole. My hands trembling, I peeled the foreskin completely down off the knob and inhaled the raunchy scent. My head almost got knocked off. My tongue came out, lapping the moisture off the knob, slurping up the lube. My hands slid on the shaft, jerking the foreskin as I kissed and licked and nibbled at the knob. I felt dazed and drunk.

I'd probably have beat off while getting a rim-job if the guy in front of me hadn't pulled his face away from the hole and replaced it with his cock. It was the biggest, sweatiest, sexiest cock I'd ever seen in my life...

"Suck it!" the man growled. "Eat my hog!"

"Yeah!" I whispered, and I swallowed his knob and as many inches of shaft as I could manage. My spit trickled, my lips smacked, and I sucked like a calf. I wanted to drink his cum. I wanted to feel his cock buck in my mouth when he shot.

The man groaned, thrusting. I bobbed my head, my tongue churning at the underside of his knob. Each flick of my tongue made his cock swell and quiver. I grabbed his balls and squeezed. My mouth tightened on his cock.

"Ahhh!" With a moan, the man rammed his cock down my gullet and shot. "Awww!" His spunk splashed out in thick, juicy wads, sliding down my throat like hot oysters.

I was in heaven. My throat filled and my mouth overflowed. I couldn't swallow fast enough. The shudders pulsing through his cock sent quivers through my face and skull. I gulped and guzzled, my senses filled with the scent and taste of man-cum. The bucking of his cock in my mouth sent shivers through my body, and if I'd have touched my cock I'd have creamed all over. I sucked till he pulled out. Then he zipped up and was gone.

I turned around, licking cum off my lips, and found the old guy, the ass-licker, leering at me.

"Wanna suck my dick?" he said. "I'd love to fuck your hot young mouth."

"I bet you would," I said. "So do it."

His cock wasn't as big as the other guy's, nor was it uncut or as hard, but it was hot and sweaty, and I sucked it as greedily as I'd sucked the other guy's, using lots of spit, sliding my lips from one end of his rod to the other. His cock was surprisingly responsive, squirming in my mouth as I tongued it, and in about a minute he was creaming.

"Oooooh!" the guy sighed as he

CONTINUED TO PAGE 75

The man groaned, thrusting. I bobbed my head, my tongue churning at the underside of his knob. Each flick of my tongue made his cock swell and quiver. I grabbed his balls and squeezed. My mouth tightened on his cock.

Everything about the exotic locale added to the eroticism!

JUNGLE FEVER

BY BRIAN BUTTERFIELD

I was traveling by lorry from up-country Malaysia to Penang after six months as a lone American agricultural scientist among narrow-minded planters whose eyebrows lifted at even a hint of sexual deviation, which too easily rhymes with 'masturbation!'

It was a long journey; hour after hour of rubber trees, padi fields, pineapple plantations, ferries across muddy brown rivers, and a grueling, low-gear grind over the mountains separating the interior from the sea.

The lorry driver, whose name was Mahudi, was typical of the port people; a mixture of Malay and Indonesian, with Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese blood in his ancestry. He was twenty-four and roguishly handsome, almost like a pirate, with his thick shock of shiny black hair, dark glinting eyes and a dazzling white smile.

"*Saya suka, saya mau*," Mahudi exclaimed, as we passed dozens of young rubber tappers along the roadside. "I like, I want." He clenched his fist and suggestively shook it up and down, drawing waves from the men and warm, wide smiles from the women.

He gave me a conspiratorial grin, saying, "*Tuan Doctor suka? Tuan Doctor mau*?" Mahudi noticed the firm bulge in the crotch of my khaki shorts and said in a low voice, "Ah, you too," quickly adding, "*Banya panis*. Very hot. We stop soon and cool off, okay?"

Fifteen minutes later, Mahudi had turned off the road and nosed the cab into some lush greenery. Nearby, a limpid, swift-running stream sparkled in the sunlight.

"We go for a swim," he suggested, shutting the motor off.

I eyed the stream warily. "What about crocodiles?"

Mahudi waved the idea away. "This stream shallow," he explained. "Crocodiles like deep water where they can hide."

We pulled off shirts and shorts and made tracks for the stream. The water must have been seventy degrees, but it still felt cool on our feet. We waded till the stream came up to our groins and turned on our backs, the fast-flowing water sliding over our slippery stomachs as both our cocks bobbed and rocked to the surface.

We drifted slowly between two round boulders and onto a spit of sand no bigger than a bed. At the same moment we grabbed for each other's hard-ons and started stroking. Mahudi's body was beautiful, golden and smooth except for the jet-black hair around his clipped cock. His Oriental dick was a thick six inches, but it seemed longer because of the sparse pubic hair.

Meanwhile, silver-gray monkeys descended from the treetops, chattering crazily about the two nude

hot men who were jerking each other's hard penises. Then the simians turned round and showed off their pink rumps, while multicolored parrots gawked and squawked.

Like a streak Mahudi's tool twisted and leaped in my rolled-up fist. "*Nanti, nanti*," he breathed. "Stop, stop."

Suddenly, we could hear a car slowing along the river road. "Somebody else stop for swim," he said. "We go now."

Cautiously, we made our way back up to the lorry. Mahudi opened the rear door and whispered, "We go inside and play."

We stretched out luxuriously on a layer of foam rubber and resumed stroking one another's prick. He turned to me and parted my lips with his thick tongue, using it to all but fuck my mouth. I could feel his breath blowing hot on my face as I jacked his inflating cock faster and faster. I shot off in his pumping hand, his slash of a mouth open and soundless. He took his fat joint in his wet, dripping fist and squeezed.

His cock exploded. A white river of cum splashed onto his rippling stomach and shot up his sun-brown chest.

"*Banya bagus*," murmured Mahudi. "Very good."

"Do you play with many of your passengers?" I asked, out of curiosity.

He nodded. "Many of them like to, how do you say, get off a shot." He paused. "At the port I got a boyfriend and he got a girlfriend. I like him. She like me." He shrugged and grinned boyishly. "But not so much play up-country," he went on. "Mostly I think of my boyfriend and *mandy mandy*."

"Mandy mandy?"

He gripped his half-hard dick and whipped it once or twice.

Mahudi looked into my stud-struck eyes and winked. "I know something you like," he taunted me. Having said that, he straddled me and lightly feathered his erecting penis against mine till both our cocks were leaking a long string of pearly pre-lube. Everything contributed to the eroticism—the isolated jungle setting, the soft pneumatic foam rubber, the friction between our palpitating pricks.

At exactly the same moment both of us grabbed our dicks and began jackhammering in damn-the-torpedoes, full-speed-ahead style. A flash of excitement rushed through my nearly-bursting cock. Both of us howled out loud. I came as Mahudi came, our twin torrents of thick, rich cum finally slowing to a trickle.

I was recalling all those events as I sat in the barber's chair in Penang. The hand-lettered sign in the window said: "HASSIM BAKAR, BARBER. SHAMPO. SPECIAL MASSAGGE. MANIKURE. PRIVIT ROOM." At least he hadn't added horoscope and letter writing! Inside, photographs of virile movie stars from Shanghai to Bali—samurai swordsmen, kung-fu masters and handsome matinee idols—covered the walls.

I reached under the starched linen sheet and adjusted my cock to a more comfortable position. The attractive young barber smiled and said casually: "*Banya panis, eh Tuan*?" Before I could even reply he strode across the room, pulled the blinds and locked the door.

As the overhead fan slowly spun around, the barber resumed his shampoo with one hand and silently slid the other under the sheet. He swiftly undid the buttons of my shorts and caressed my stiffening cock with his smooth, skilled hand.

For only a second the young man removed his erotic hand and gave me an inscrutable half-grin. Just at that moment he engulfed my cock with a handful of warm moist lather. He toyed and tickled and stroked and squeezed like a suction pump till my hips nearly lifted out of the seat as I creamed right in his hand.

"*Tuan suka*?" he said with a sly smile.

"I like," I answered. Without hesitation I asked if he'd come to the resthouse where I was staying, a group of individual chalets surrounding a communal bar, lounge and dining room.

At the same moment we grabbed for each other's hard-ons and started stroking. Mahudi's body was beautiful, golden and smooth except for the jet-black hair around his clipped cock. His Oriental dick was a thick six inches, but it seemed longer because of the sparse pubic hair.

"Seven o'clock okay?" he asked enthusiastically.

I nodded. 'What do you like to drink?"

"*Dom*."

After dinner a tremendous monsoon battered down like artillery fire on the corrugated iron roof of the chalet. I quickly fastened the shutters. As I turned round I heard a loud knock over the fierce wind and the clattering of palm fronds. I went to the door and opened it.

Hassim hurried inside, thoroughly soaked. I suggested that he strip off his clothes and slip into my robe. Pools of water fell around his feet as he unbuttoned his shirt and pants. I grabbed a towel and began drying him off, lingering around his tight-corded arms, legs, and thighs. I offered Hassim my robe. He shook his head and gestured toward the bed.

Several minutes later, I lay naked, stretched out on the sheets. Hassim kneeled between

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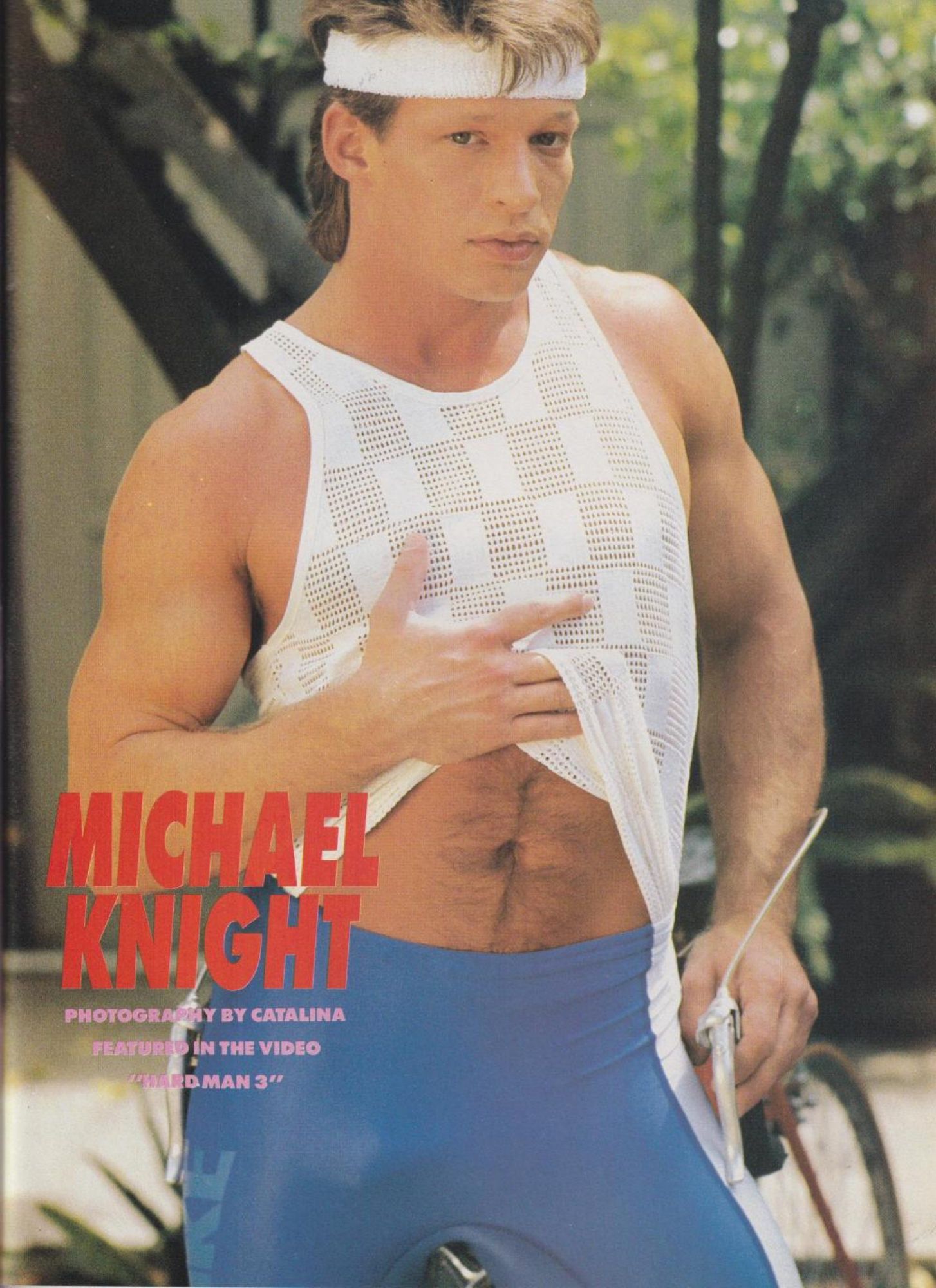

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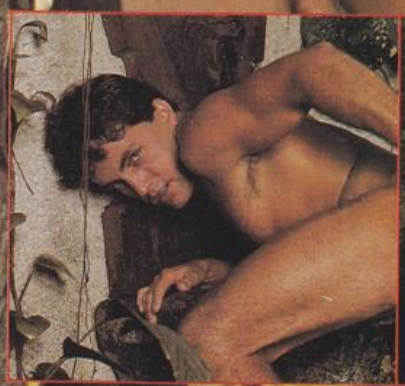

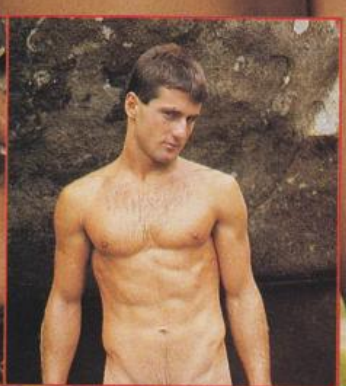

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JUNGLE FEVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

my legs, massaging his palms and fingertips toward my heart. He began with gentle motions to relax the muscles and then gradually put more pressure on.

He fanned his hands across my shoulders, released and slid his hands down to my thighs. He moved his hands back to my shoulders and traced the area around the blade with the pads of his thumbs.

Hassim took hold of my neck and used his thumb and forefinger to grasp the flesh, rolling and squeezing it. A sigh escaped from my parted lips. Hassim beamed. He kneaded the muscle between my shoulder and neck and then slid his hands back to my inner thighs, moving down the leg until he came to the knees. He put one hand above my heel, kept the other at the knee and inched his way toward the calf.

The storm continued without let-up.

I began breathing deeper and deeper. Hassim rubbed my calf harder, firmer. Suddenly, my cock shot up in the air, a shiny spider's web of wetness spinning from the head.

As if on cue, Hassim worked his way back to my thighs and hoisted my legs over his shoulders. He inserted his index and middle finger up my ass and slid them rhythmically in and out, plunging deeper every time and soon pressing against my prostate.

A clap of thunder from the storm sounded over the howl of the wind. I could feel the entire length of my cock ready to explode. Judging from the barber's sensual smile and darting eyes, he was enjoying this "SPECIAL MASSAGE" as much as I was. I cried out. My body rose in mid-air and I squirted my load, spattering the young Asian's chest with creamy sperm. Hassim himself was so fucking hot he spilled his wad in my reddish-brown bush.

I fell back on the pillow and motioned toward Hassim. We lay beside each other and dozed off, now and then hearing the shutters banging in the wind, the monsoon emptying its arsenal on the roof, the surf crashing against shore.

He parted my lips with his thick tongue, using it to all but fuck my mouth. I could feel his breath blowing hot on my face as I jacked his inflating cock faster and faster. I shot off in his pumping hand, his slash of a mouth open and soundless.

Around dawn we were roused by coconut dropping like a bomb on the roof. The rainstorm had ended and left the chalet so eerily quiet we sat upright as if mesmerized, watching the light seeping through the shutters as we shared a French cigarette.

Hassim arose to go, explaining that he did a brisk trade giving the local businessmen their morning shaves. He dressed quickly and disappeared out the door. I got out of bed and opened the shutters. Palm branches littered the beach, but it was a gorgeous day—a cool breeze, whitecaps glistening on the deep-blue water, the sea birds screeching and swooping into the swells.

I turned and looked round the room. We hadn't even opened the bottle of Dom Benedictine I'd made a point of picking up at the bar. It didn't matter. I'd save it for later. I could use a trim or a massage anytime. ■

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Dominic would discard his former naive notions about sex and redefine them from the ground up. . .

DOUBLE YOUR *PLEASURE*

BY ROLAND GRAEME

Dominic wasn't particularly surprised to find himself sandwiched between the other two naked men on the bed, for what had to be the tenth or eleventh time that weekend. It had been an orgy of nonstop three-way sex so far, and the lewd activity showed no signs of slackening in the near future.

He was glad that Garry's apartment was air conditioned. This had been the hottest weekend yet of the summer, and the temperature had hit ninety degrees Friday afternoon, when Garry and his fuck buddy Ian had picked the young Italian-American stud up on the street.

Dominic had been hitchiking, and he'd been careful to dress not only for the heat, but to increase his chances of being given a lift by some sympathetic (and preferably gay) motorist. His faded jeans were just loose enough to enable him to walk with a comfortable stride, but they were still tight enough in the crotch and butt to display Dominic's considerable assets in those areas from a hundred yards away.

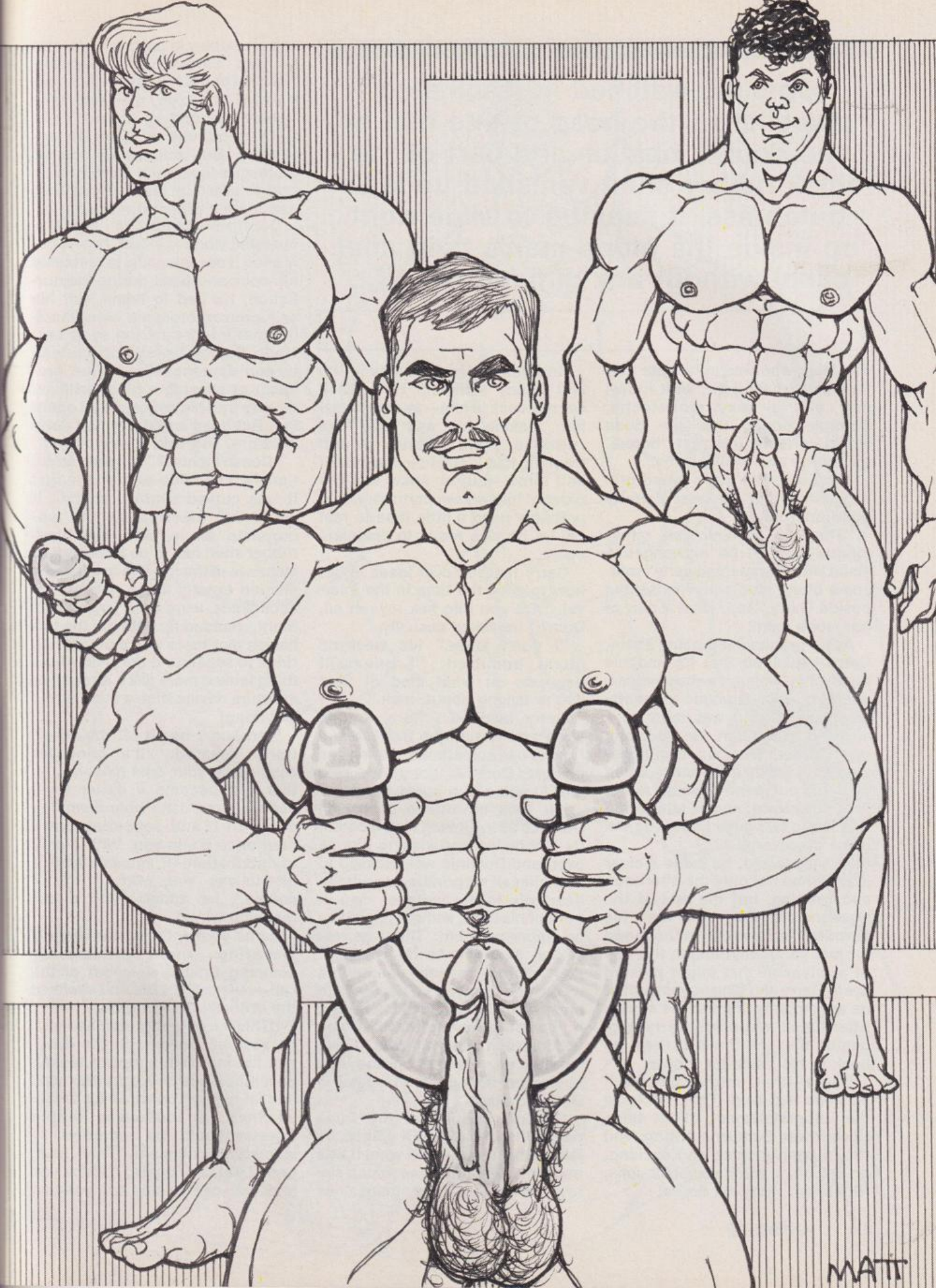
Above his waist, he wore only a white tank top—so skimpily cut that it not only exposed his sun-bronzed shoulders and arms and pecs, but allowed his nipples to slip out from under the fabric if he leaned over, or turned his torso too suddenly to watch the approaching cars and stick out his thumb. Dominic's baseball cap, worn low on his forehead, shielded his eyes from the fierce sun, but let all of the passing motorists see his incongruously innocent, boyish grin.

He looked, he hoped, more like a harmless, muscular young construction worker or Marine-on-leave who really needed a ride than a lazy bum who was too cheap to pay bus fare, or a potential mugger or rapist. Plenty of drivers—both male and female—gave him the once-over, and even slowed down perceptibly in order to get a better look! Nevertheless, nobody picked him up for the first ten or fifteen minutes. Sweating in the hot sun, Dominic began to feel discouraged.

"Shit!" he exclaimed under his breath. He was about to pull out the heavy artillery—i.e., strip off his shirt completely and pose by the side of the road, crotch thrust forward, like a real male-whore—when two guys in an open Jeep sped by. They were talking to each other, and caught sight of Dominic too late; but the driver hit the brakes, both men watching in the rearview mirrors as the hitchhiker quickly sprinted toward their vehicle.

"Hi! Where're you headed?" the big dude behind the wheel, whose name, Dominic later learned was Garry, asked him brightly.

Dominic shrugged. "Just out to the malls. I'm bored." He was immediately attracted to the driver of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Dominic watched in fascinated disbelief as the head of one half of the double phallus and part of the thick rubber shaft vanished up Ian's butch ass. It seemed to slide right up inside the blond man's tight anal canal without any difficulty at all...

the Jeep, who was in his late thirties, powerfully built, with brown hair and a sexy moustache. Dominic hoped that the dude would correctly interpret "bored" as "horny and available."

"Hop in." The guy's broad grin suggested that he was a pretty good interpreter!

"Thanks." Dominic felt rather tongue-tied, as he exchanged a smile with the spectacularly handsome blond stud who was seated beside Garry. God, what a pair of gorgeous men!

As he got the Jeep going again, Garry explained that he and his buddy, Ian, were on a shopping expedition, too. Dominic correctly suspected that it was more of a cruising expedition. He had long ago learned that, on a summer weekend, the daytime action could be found out in the suburbs, rather than downtown; and he suspected that these two guys had made the same discovery.

As they talked, he made it clear that he had not only the afternoon and evening, but the rest of the weekend to kill, and that his boredom had put him in the mood for just about anything in the way of excitement that might present itself. Garry and Ian suggested that he accompany them to the stores. After lunch in a diner, Garry suggested that the three of them go back to his place for a beer.

"Sure—that might be fun," Dominic had said. That had been the understatement of all time! Now, it was Sunday morning, and they'd been fucking and sucking, on and off, in varous combinations, for almost thirty-six hours!

And Dominic had to admit it—he *still* wasn't satisfied! He wanted Garry's cock in him—wanted to feel him fucking his ass with that ruthless male prong, which Dominic had just had in his mouth and throat—but he knew that the older of his two sex partners would probably need a little time to rest before he was ready to ejaculate again.

Garry had his own ideas about how to pass the time in the interval. "Are you into sex toys at all, Dom?" he asked casually.

"I don't know," his weekend guest admitted. "I guess it depends on what kind of 'toy' you're talking about, man."

Garry laughed. "Here, let me show you something that Ian and I like to use sometimes." Gently, he released Dominic, got off the bed, and fumbled in a bureau drawer.

Ian took advantage of having Dominic all to himself for a moment by embracing and kissing him all over, and Dominic was pleased to find himself responding so wholeheartedly to the younger man in front of his lover, without hesitation or embarrassment. This was real sexual freedom—to do whatever you wanted, to help yourself to whoever's body you desired—to break all of the stupid old taboos...!

"I want to watch the two of you fucking each other with this," Garry announced. He sat on the bed again and deposited an object in Dominic's lap.

Dominic gasped at the huge double-headed dildo. Of course, he knew what it was—and what it was used for; he'd often seen such sex toys, advertised in gay magazines and on display in porno shops, and he had snickered in prurient disbelief at the thought of how two lesbians or two gay men who were heavily into getting fucked might make good use of such an accessory. But actually to use so grotesque-looking a device himself! To take it up his own ass! That was quite a different matter!

Dominic owned a battery-operated vibrator in fact, but he only used it occasionally, to stimulate his cock and balls during masturbation. He had to admit that his self-induced orgasms were usually more intense during such sessions. So now he felt both curiosity and apprehension at the prospect of shoving a giant artificial dick up into his delicate anal opening. But if Ian and Garry had done it before, and said it was okay...!

"Doesn't it hurt?" Dominic asked timidly. The dildo was enormous! It was curved slightly, so that it could be inserted at the appropriate angle, and the hard-rubber shaft had to be three or four inches in diameter. The twin heads, shaped exactly like a pair of real cockheads, were even larger, with blunt, rounded tips. Where the two halves met there was a protruding ridge to separate them. The whole thing looked more like a weapon or a torture device than a mere erotic plaything!

"Ian and I use it all the time," Garry boasted. "It's good for developing your anal muscles, so that you become a better fuck, because you can't help clamping down on it and squeezing down hard once it's in you. With plenty of lubrication, it doesn't hurt a bit—unless you want it to, of course," he added, with a sly, mocking wink.

As he spoke, Garry was already smearing the lubrication—common Crisco, right out of the can—over both heads and shafts of the artificial double dick.

"This'll really turn your ass on," he assured Dominic in the deadpan manner that a sexual researcher might use on a volunteer who had let himself be wired for sound so that his responses during orgasm could be recorded by laboratory equipment. "Then, later, once I get hard again, I'll fuck you and you can decide for yourself

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which is better—this rubber cock or the real thing."

He grinned, and gave the greased-up dildo to his fuck buddy, who promptly took over.

"Sit facing me, man," Ian instructed. "Put your legs around my hips, and I'll fit mine around your waist—yeah, like this—so that once the rubber prick is in us, we can rock back and forth, and we can rub our own hard dicks together and kiss each other all we want...you'll love it! Now, use just the tips of your fingers to hold my asshole open—that's right—while I, *uh*! fit the head of this damn thing between my asscheeks and, *uh*! against my butthole and, *oh yeah!* push it inside!"

Dominic watched in fascinated disbelief as the head of one half of the double phallus and part of the thick rubber shaft vanished up Ian's butch ass. It seemed to slide right up inside the blond man's tight anal canal without any difficulty at all; the look on Ian's face suggested that the insertion was anything but painful. And Ian was a bit less sturdily built than Dominic was—it couldn't be so bad, Dominic reasoned.

"Help me get my half in me," he demanded, suddenly eager to experience this weird new sensation, this exotic variation of perverse pleasure. Garry, who was kneeling behind him on the mattress, his hand resting familiarly on Dominic's shoulder, watching Ian push the dildo up his ass, chuckled.

"Spread open your ass cheeks with your hands and I'll put it in," Ian offered. "Tell me if it hurts—I'll do it slowly."

The blunt rubber tip of the thick dildo pressed against Dominic's anal opening, shoving his ass-lips apart, forcing the inner folds of protective tissue aside, chafing the lining of the asshole despite the heavy coating of slippery Crisco. Dominic gasped and suppressed a shiver of anxiety as the fake cock was eased up into his yielding body, sending dizzying spasms of pleasurable pain up his spine.

Garry reached around him to caress his pecs and toy with his cock and balls, relaxing him, making it easier for him to accept this bizarre violation of his cringing butthole. Dominic forced himself to go limp and his anal muscles to relax as more and more of the hard-rubber prick penetrated him.

God!, what an incredible feeling of fullness and displacement and friction inside his ass! It was harder than any *real* dick could be—stiffer—thicker—longer! He groaned as the massive head pushed its way still deeper into his rectum.

His initial astonishment yielded to a sudden panic, but Garry's strong arms held him fast and, despite Dominic's half-involuntary struggles, Ian kept thrusting more inches of solid-rubber cock up into his new fuck buddy's tender anal tunnel! There seemed to be no end to the fucking thing! Inch after torturing inch of huge, hard dildo pushed inside him, stuffing Dominic's traumatized ass!

"*Uhhhh*" he sputtered, as pleasure tore through his ravaged flesh for a moment, blinding him.

This must be what getting fist-fucked was like—this unbelievable sensation of his entire lower body being stuffed full of rigid dick!

But then all of his half of the dildo was shoved up into his asshole at last and his apprehension subsided by degrees...to be replaced by a wild hunger for fucking such as Dominic had never experienced with a real cock inside him!

He looked down between his widespread legs and gasped at the sight of how half of that immense object was buried in him, at how his sphincter muscle was stretched and distorted into a thin circle of pink flesh surrounding the rubber shaft. But the dildo was so thick that the part of the shaft that ran between the two men's bodies, connecting them, pressed up continually against their balls and the undersides of their cocks, flattening and rubbing against and stimulating their genitals in a way that no real penis could; the pressure and chafing was truly relentless and fantastic!

Groaning, Dominic tried to move his hips, tried to fuck himself on the artificial cock—and, somewhat to his surprise, he could! It moved freely, though torturously, within him, and the level of arousal that fired his loins was so intense it was scarcely tolerable.

Ian, obviously well acquainted with the special properties of the obscene-looking sex device, was already going wild, humping the rubber cock furiously, letting the dildo all but pop out of his ass and then forcing his body to accept its full, plunging length once more, in a single reckless thrust.

In and out, in and out; the phony phallus stabbed in and out of his anus, each insertion and partial withdrawal resulting in a similar fucking movement of the other half of the dildo within Dominic's ass. The two men were rocking steadily back and forth on the creaking mattress in the way Ian had proposed.

Garry rocked with them, the front of his body pressed against Dominic's back as the latter let his head fall back onto Garry's shoulder, his hair tumbling across his trick's face and tangling with his own sweat-soaked brown locks.

Garry was pinching Dominic's tits, each wrench making his anal muscles nip at the dildo he was screwing himself with; Dominic clawed at Ian's own jutting pectoral mounds for support as Ian slammed his rear end down against the instrument they were sharing between them. It was now a contest to see which man could take his half of the rubber cock faster—harder—deeper!

"God damn! I'm getting hard just watching you two crazy motherfuckers fuck yourselves on that big rubber dick!" Garry shouted hoarsely.

Dominic groaned in reply, very much aware of Garry's resuscitated erection pressing against the small of his back; it felt huge as it rubbed over his sweaty skin and Garry's hot breath panted against his ear.

"Jesus! Jesus Christ! I can't wait! I can't fucking wait!" Garry exclaimed.

Though Dominic wasn't sure what the big guy meant, he quickly found out. Garry groped for the open can of Crisco on the bed near them. His blunt fingertips scooped up a huge glob of the lubricant and he rubbed it all over his aching cock, grunting with pleasure as his touching himself afforded him some measure of relief from his erotic tensions.

Dominic realized that Garry was

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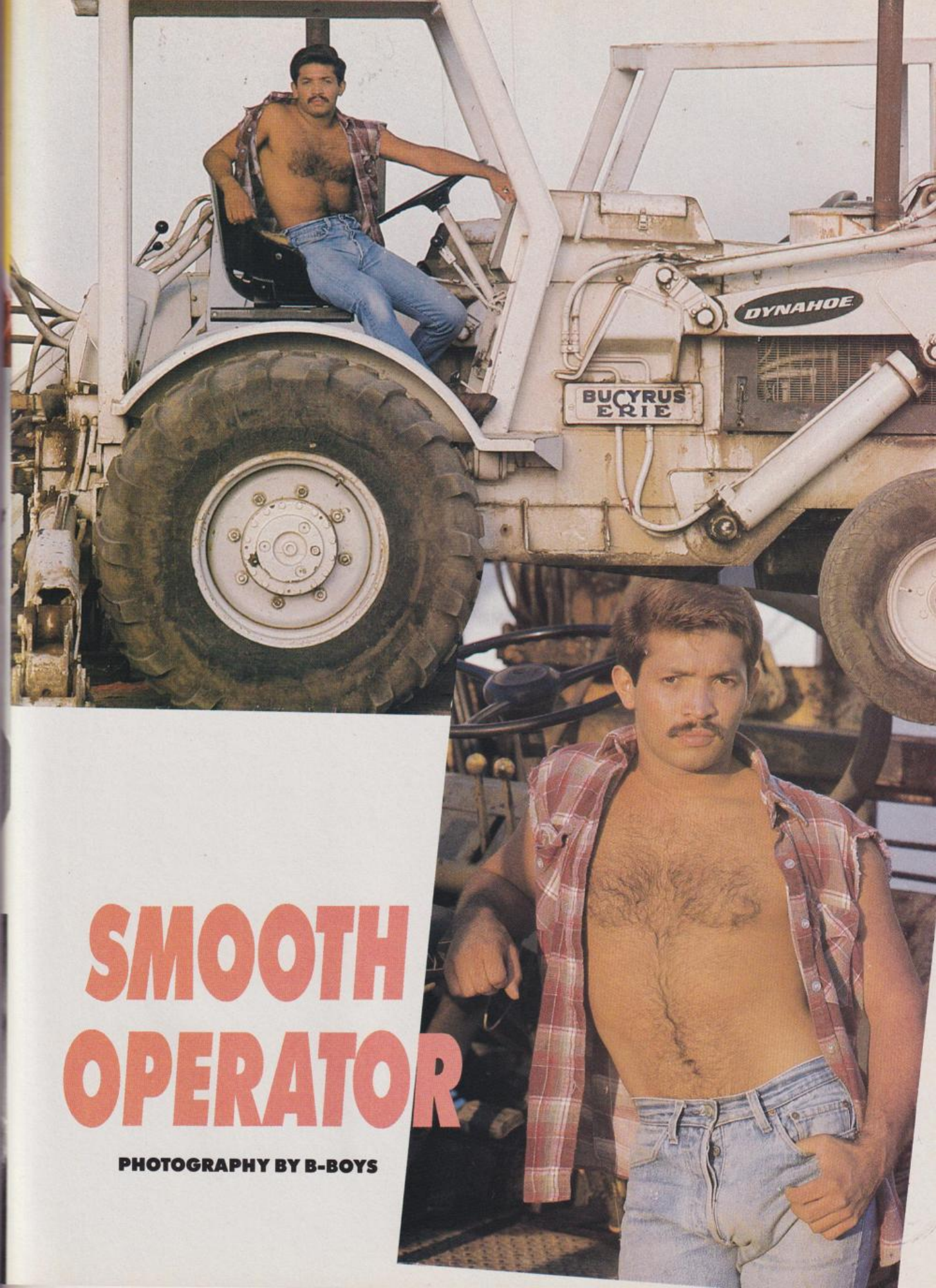

SMOOTH OPERATOR

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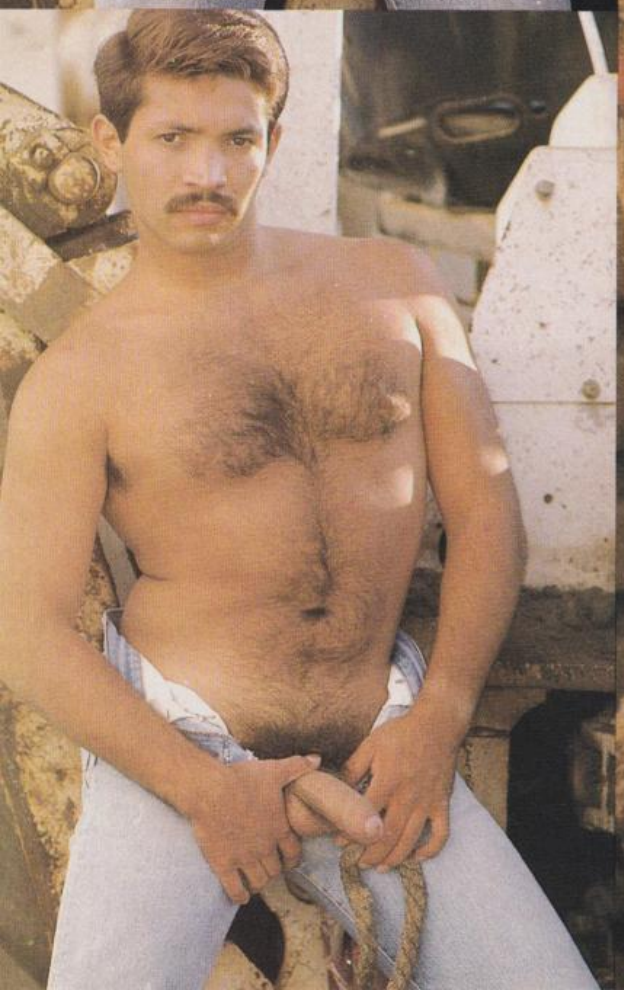
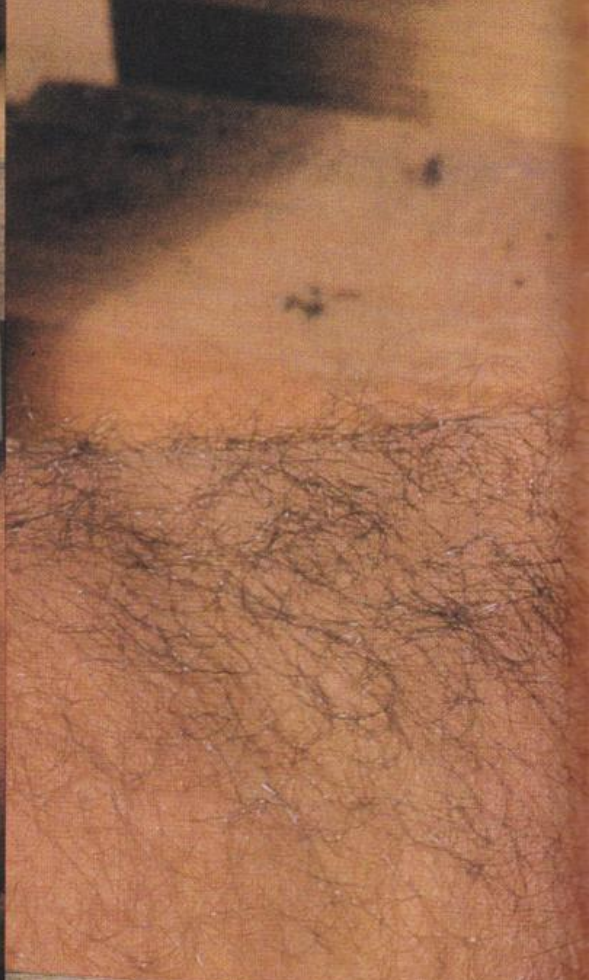
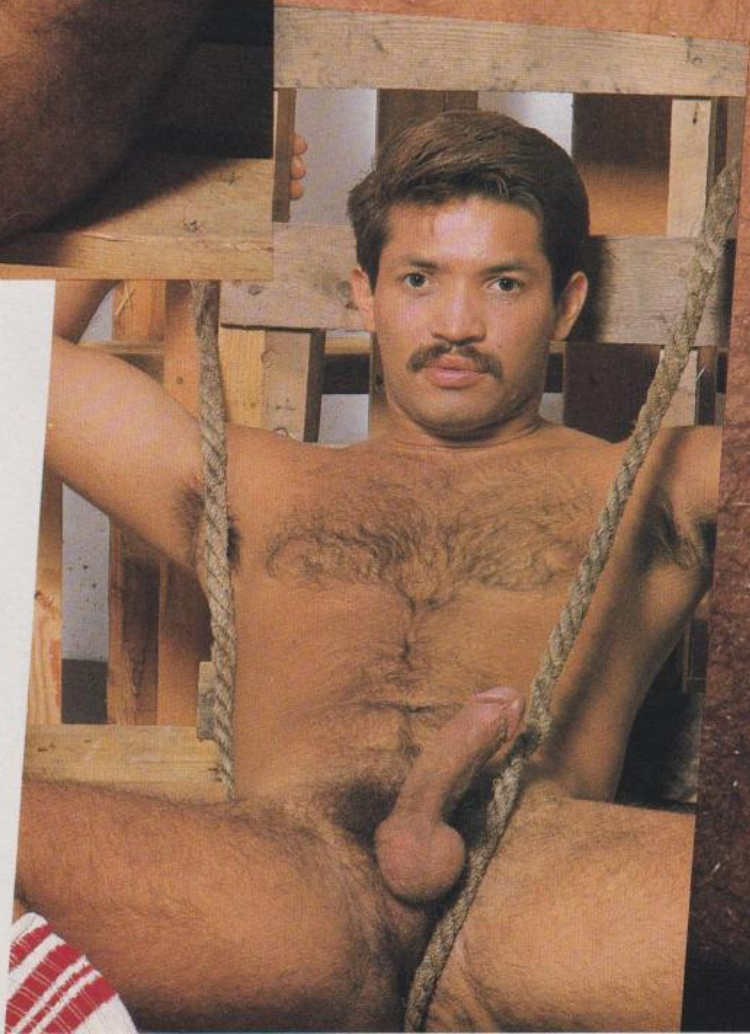
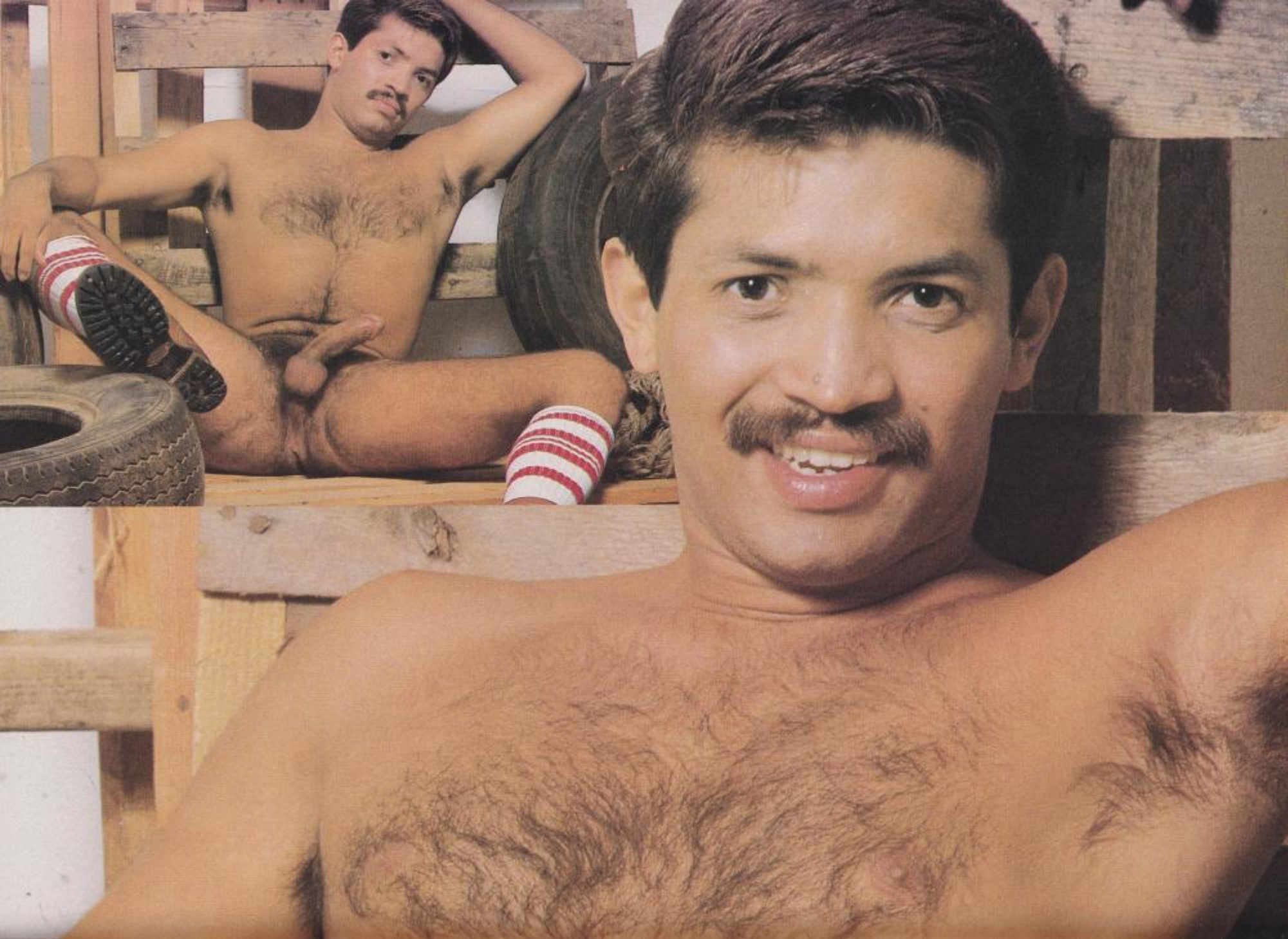








BY HAROLD STEIN

FIRE ISLAND ORGY

Rain at the beach! And cold to boot. The young men sprawled all around the fireplace were bored and despondent. The discos wouldn't open for another six hours. All the skin mags had been read, the videos seen over and over, and nobody wanted to play games. Everybody was D-E-P-R-E-S-S-E-D. Finally one hot young number said, "Hey, Hank, why don't you tell us a hot story? Tell us about the old days before *IT* happened. What was it really like out here?"

Looking up from my book and feeling a bit like the old man of the mountain, I decided to tell them about a summer party I had attended back in the mid-seventies, the golden age of gay promiscuity.

"OK, gather round, men, and get ready for some hard dick because I've got a good one about an orgy that took place right here in the Pines long, long ago in a galaxy far, far away."

"Just tell the story, Hank!" Someone urged him, impatiently.

There it was—my invitation to what would undoubtedly be the hottest sex scene of the year, an orgy in the Pines of Fire Island:

"You are invited to the Fourth Of July Fire Island Swine Fest. This entitles you to all the cock, balls, tits and asshole you can suck, fuck, eat, lick and otherwise consume for twenty-four hours."

I had long known about "the Swine," some fifty of New York's hottest men: all beautiful, built, horny studs ranging in age from twenty-five to fifty. I had met one of them at a JO party, which is how I came to their attention. The Swine formed the *creme de la creme* of the sex groups in NYC or, as one friend put it, the "cum de la cum." I had long dreamed of being asked to one of their parties, but was unsure I met their standards. I was in my mid-forties with a good body, hot buns, and thick meat adequate in length, but who ever thinks it's big enough? The total package must have passed muster however, because here was my ticket to what my old, lusty granddad would have called "hog heaven." Although I don't think *my* weekend was quite what he had in mind.

The designated Saturday finally arrived and I caught an early train from Penn Station to Sayville in order to get the noon ferry to the Pines. At the pier, there were, as usual, a lot of hunky guys. And I saw several that I hoped were headed for my destination. Soon we were allowed on the boat and I took a position by the railing on the open deck above. Then I saw him—leaning against the railing on the opposite side was the hottest-looking dude I had seen all summer. From top to bottom, he was *my* fantasy of the perfect hunk. He was about thirty-five, balding and with the kind of lines on his face that come from years of heavy work in the sun. His thick, short brown beard was matched by a heavy bush of hair that covered his hard,

A big, bearded stud ripped open his fly, pulled out a throbbing nine-inch rod, fell on his knees before me and shoved his hot meat into my mouth. He pushed my head down hard on it until I felt that big mushroom on the end of his cock lodge itself half-way down my gullet.

perfectly molded pecs, which I could catch tantalizing glimpses of as his partially-open Hawaiian shirt fluttered in the stiff breeze. I caught my breath as his eyes locked on mine just for an instant—and then flicked away. I wasn't even sure he had really looked at me. Then he unbuttoned his shirt entirely, letting the wind whisk its tails behind him. I beheld the most beautiful, hard, washboard belly I had ever seen. It looked like a series of iron plates had been inserted beneath the skin and if you punched him in the stomach, you'd be sure to break your hand. As though his upper half weren't enough, I took note of the promising bulge in the crotch. My saliva glands started working overtime and I could feel the precum oozing out of my hardening dick. God, how I hoped *he'd* be at the party! But when we disembarked, I sadly saw him take the opposite direction from mine. Hell, there would be others.

The house was one of the biggest and most luxurious in the Pines, a pleasure palace truly designed for group action. It consisted of two towers connected by a bridgeway lined with sliding glass doors, all forming a "U" around a glittering swimming pool secluded from view by a high wall running along the back of the property. The deck around the pool was adorned with flowers, umbrellas and lounge chairs. There were additional decks at various levels above the pool and I could imagine a beautiful body, framed by a perfect blue sky, jacking off a hot dick and shooting a monster load into the pool twenty feet below.

And that's exactly what happened, but I'm getting ahead of my story. There was room inside for fifty men to sleep if they didn't mind doubling up. The living room had comfortable sofas lining the walls with a great movie screen (this was before videos) that could be lowered at the touch of a button in order to show non-stop fuck flicks. Platforms had been placed here and there for exhibitions. Spotlights were strategically placed so that a beam could focus on throbbing cock and highlight the cum than would spurt out of it.

The studs arrived singly or in groups with shouts of greetings and a lot of loud ass slapping. I could tell they were anticipating a hot time, but first we were served a delicious lunch. As we sat eating around the pool, we eyed one another and imagined the scenes to follow. The air was electric with excitement and I could see many hard pricks straining in tight jeans. I was too wired to be hungry, so I wandered back inside and talked to a tall kid with penetrating Prussian-blue eyes. He seemed to have a lot of attitude and I thought he was going to be a dull one. Man, was I wrong.

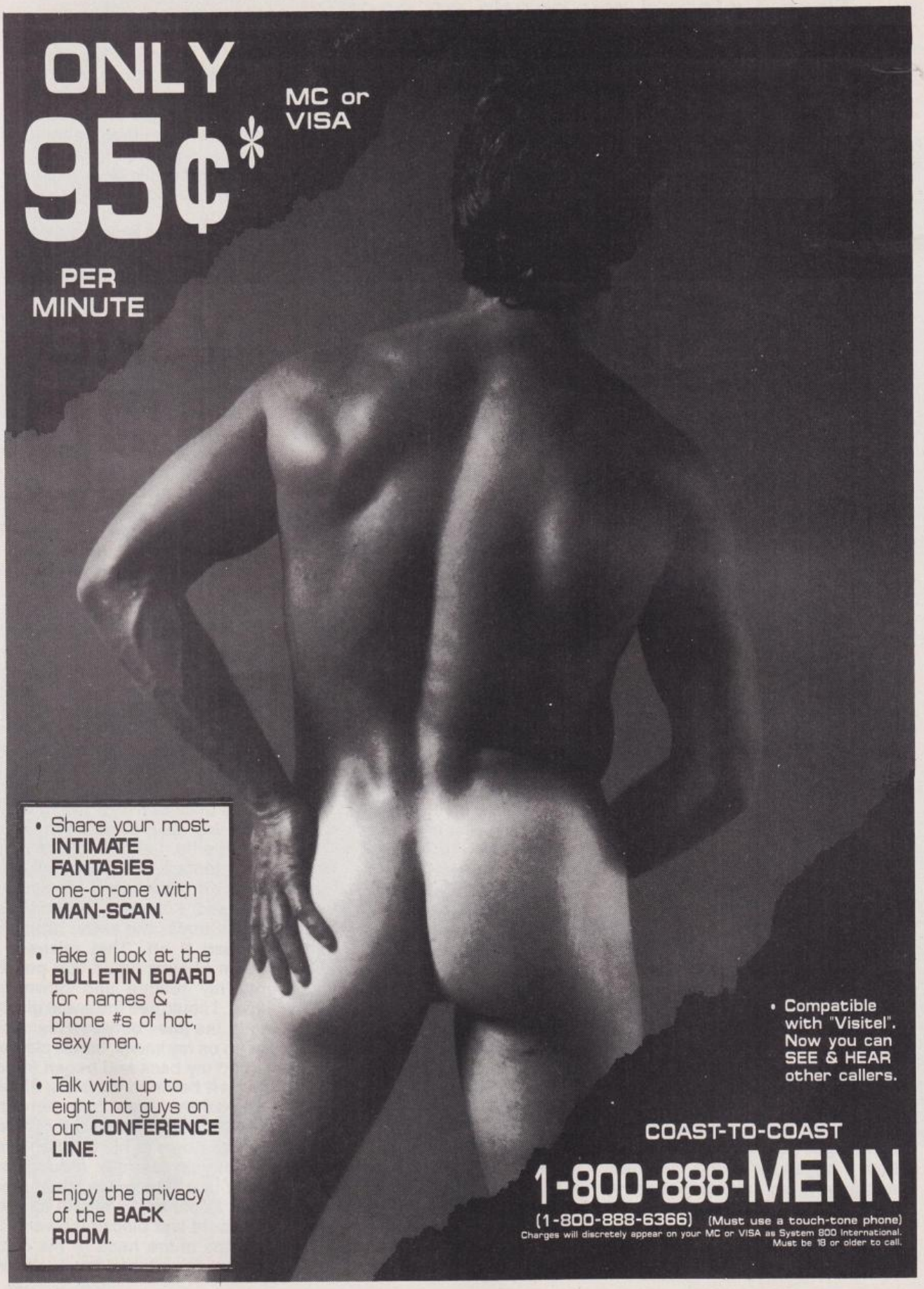
Just as I was wondering how this thing was ever going to get off the ground, he disappeared upstairs. Five minutes later, he came bounding down the spiral staircase, buck naked with his fuck-pole pointing out stiff and hard. Suddenly I felt myself grabbed from behind, his teeth clamped on my ear with searing, pleasurable pain. He ripped off the T-shirt and pulled my Levis down to my ankles, threw me on the floor, rammed his cock up my ass and started pumping away. A big, bearded stud ripped open his fly, pulled out a throbbing nine-inch rod, fell on his knees before me and shoved his hot meat into my mouth. He pushed my head down hard on it until I felt that big mushroom on the end of his cock lodge itself what felt like half-way down my gullet. It sure as hell went deeper than my throat. Both of my holes were loaded with hot, pumping cock. The party had indeed started.

My face was buried too deep in that stud's crotch for me to see anything, but in addition to the battering my asshole was taking, I could sense other guys around us. I felt two feet on either side of my chest and I knew from the slurping and gagging that the dude whose cock I was sucking had a big one in his mouth too. Then the hot piston in my ass began working faster and faster, battering my own stiff meat against the hard floor. Suddenly he reared up and with a deep grunt shot a load into my ass that felt like a fucking enema. The thick shaft in my mouth started to throb and I sucked on it harder and faster, swirling my tongue around that big bulb on the end.

A deep voice commanded, "Get on those balls, cocksucker!"

I did as he ordered, stuffed his big, hairy nuts into my slobbering mouth and began chomping. He reared up, but I held on and bit hard as he shouted, "You fuckin' son-of-a-bitch!" I felt his hot cum on my ass as he shot his heavy, thick load across my back. All at once I heard shouts and grunts. I looked up to see ten guys standing around us shooting their wads on the four of us. The stud above me rammed his tool down the throat of the dude whose nuts I still had in my mouth. Cum was all over my back and running down my face. With a shudder, the man above shot a wad down my buddy's throat that made him gag so hard I could feel it in his balls.

Well, *that* had started things off right. We took a break to have a beer. I looked around at the wreckage and every inch of space,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Then I placed my hands on each cheek and gently parted them, my tongue feeling the increased heat of that most secret place. The first scent of ass sweat began to fill my eager nose and then my tongue tasted it. I couldn't wait any longer and plunged the tip of my tongue right into that sweet ring.

the platforms and the decks, seemed to be covered with writhing bodies going at it. There were those quiet slurpings and moanings punctuated with an occasional slap on a sweaty ass that must be the sounds of heaven.

Well, the party continued—lots of sucking and fucking until some of us decided to take a dip in the ocean and rest up for the night's festivities. Dinner in the large living room was accompanied by fuck films and it quickly "degenerated" into a pig fest of ass eating on the floor. Everybody had his face in a butt so that you might say we formed one long, many-coiled chain of pigs slurping away in that sweetest trough of all: hot asscrack. I felt really lucky because I managed to maneuver myself over to the blue-eyed dude who had fucked my ass in the afternoon. I had drooled over his butt earlier, one of those tight, sucked-in-sides jobs with a close covering of hair that lay flat and smooth on the skin. I love close hair on a butt—what the hell, I love any kind of hair on a butt—but this one had my tongue twitching. He was lying face down with his own face in a smooth, hairless asshole. As I began to work on him, I felt a stiff tongue poking my own pulsing hole. I began by licking the crack real gently, just raising that hair a bit by running my tongue against the grain.

Then I placed my hands on each cheek and gently parted them, my tongue feeling the increased heat of that most secret place. The first scent of ass sweat began to fill my eager nose and then my tongue tasted it. I couldn't wait any longer and plunged the tip of my tongue right into the sweet ring. He moaned with pleasure and I could hear him slurping the sweet butt that his own tongue was digging into. I raised my own butt hard against the face buried in it and its tongue plowed even deeper. I burrowed deeper down myself and let those muscular cheeks clamp onto my face like a vise. We spent about a half hour enjoying this most delicious after-dinner treat. Slowly I crawled up over my buddy's back and sank my thick cock into his succulent asshole. The guy kept his tongue in my own hole all the while. As he twirled it faster and faster around my rim, I began to ram my meat in and out of that wet fuck hole until I unloaded a stream that felt like a jet of hot piss. Man, I was *drained*. Well, that started it. Everybody began trying to poke his meat in a hole. Mass confusion of tops and bottoms, but who cared as long as a hole was stuffed. I left the room to find a beer, listening to moans and shouts of men in the throes of ecstasy.

Exhausted, spent, fucked out, we lay in front of the movie screen fondling our limp dicks and waiting for the next hard-on. All at once, I heard a pounding on the front door. Nobody stirred. Finally my curiosity got the best of me and I crawled over to the door on my knees, I opened it—and what the hell—there stood the dude with the steel belly I had seen on the boat coming over. He was dressed in black leather and smirked as he looked down at my drooling face.

"I *knew* I would have you on your knees, but I didn't know it would be so soon.

I let out a low whistle as I rose to my feet and invited him in. He went immediately to the stairs and climbed up to the floor above. He obviously knew his way around. I followed as I motioned to the few insatiably horny men left awake. Most were snoring away by this time, cum oozing from their spent cock and battered holes. About six of us ended up in a room lined with black leather. In the center was a large bed also covered with leather. My fantasy man was standing at one end, legs spread, chest bare. He had a leather band around his left upper arm and the leather chaps on his legs exposed his cock and balls.

His hairy chest was sharply chiseled, and I could see the rippling abs glistening in the single spotlight focused on them. I knew I was going to get it and I wanted it. The other guys stood silently, their cocks stiffening as he motioned for me to get on the bed. I crawled forward and placed my face in front of his stiff, ten-inch cock that was as thick as a beer can. A large, glistening drop of pre-cum oozed from the tip. I stuck out the point of my tongue, silently begging to lick it off. He blinked his permission and I carefully placed my tongue under the sweet drop and scooped it off. That released a stream of clear liquid that poured onto my tongue and down my throat. I could see the sweat gleaming in the lines between his abs. I got up on my knees, hands clasped behind my back and began to lick the cleft between his pecs. Slowly I sucked the sweat from between the solid ridges on his belly. I made my way down to his cock and ran my tongue carefully around and under the enormous mushroom head. I opened my mouth as wide as I could and placed it reverently over the entire head of his cock, waiting. He gripped my head with

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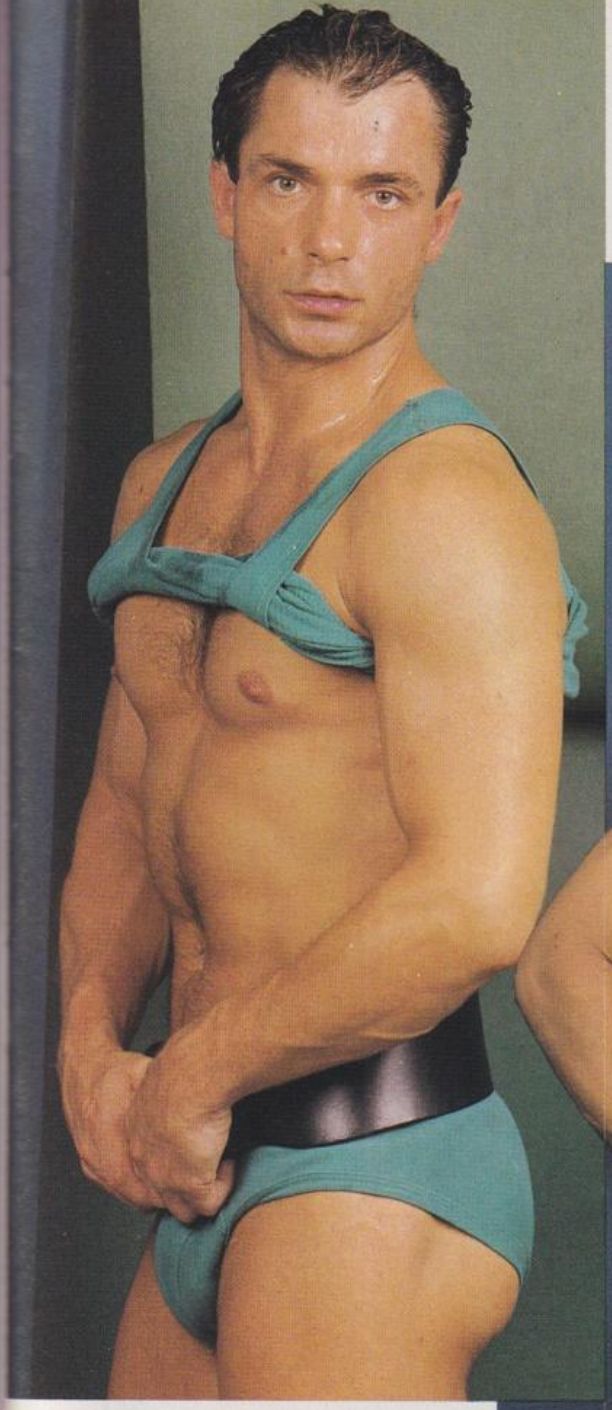

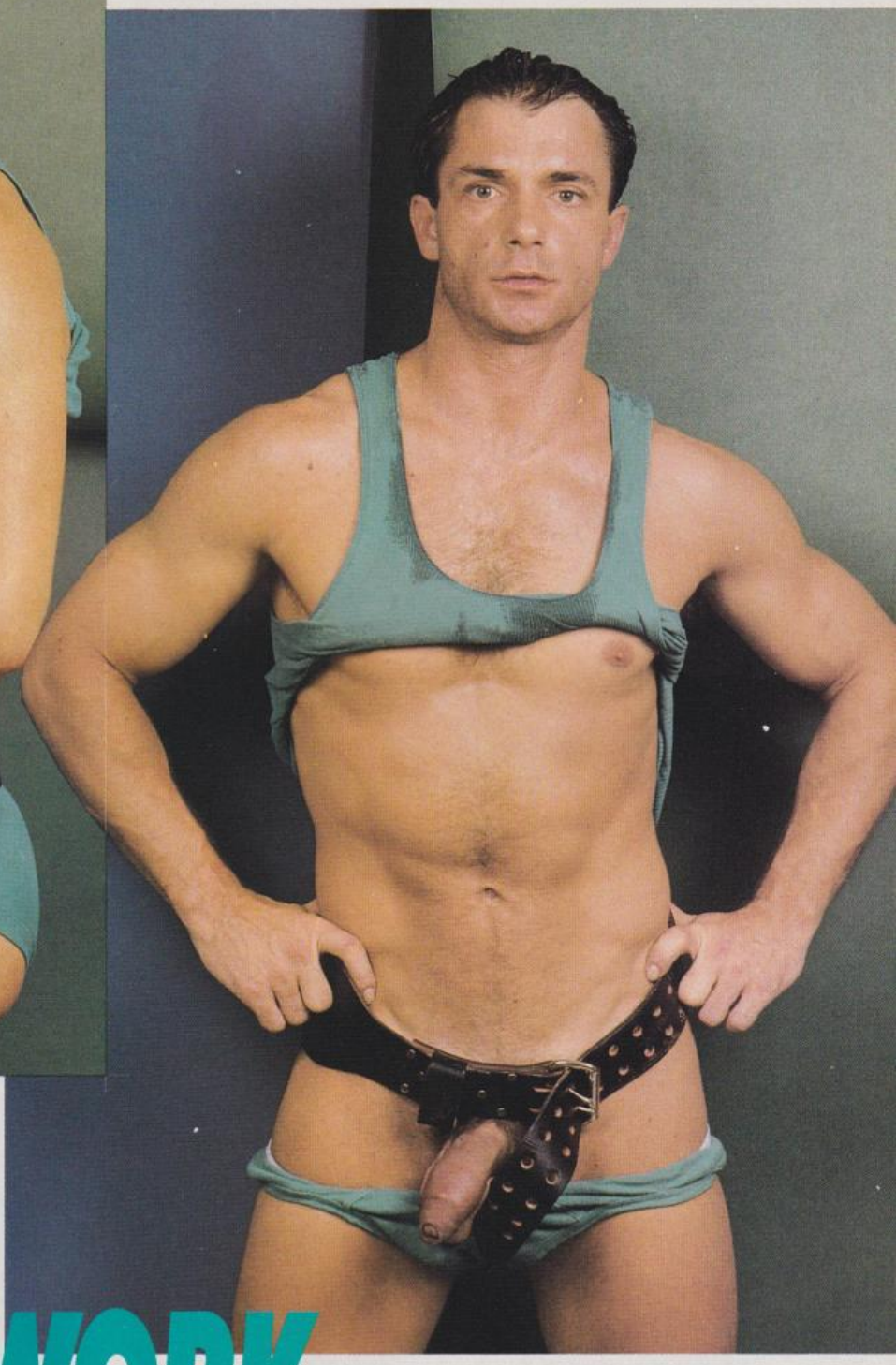

BODY WORK

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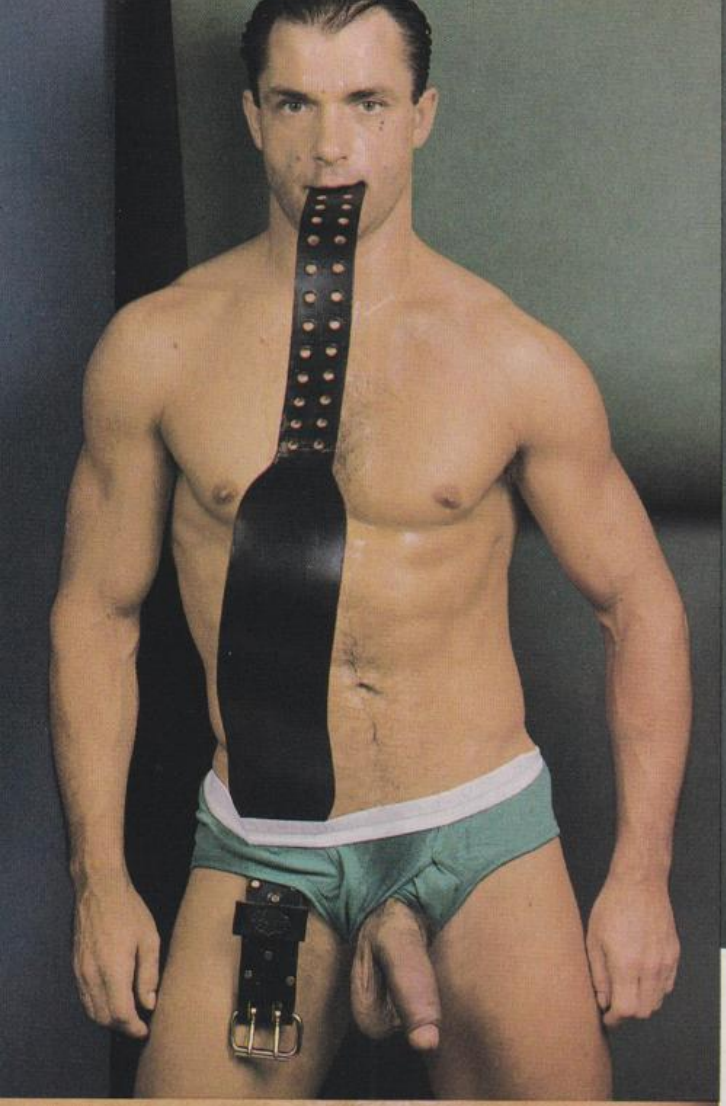

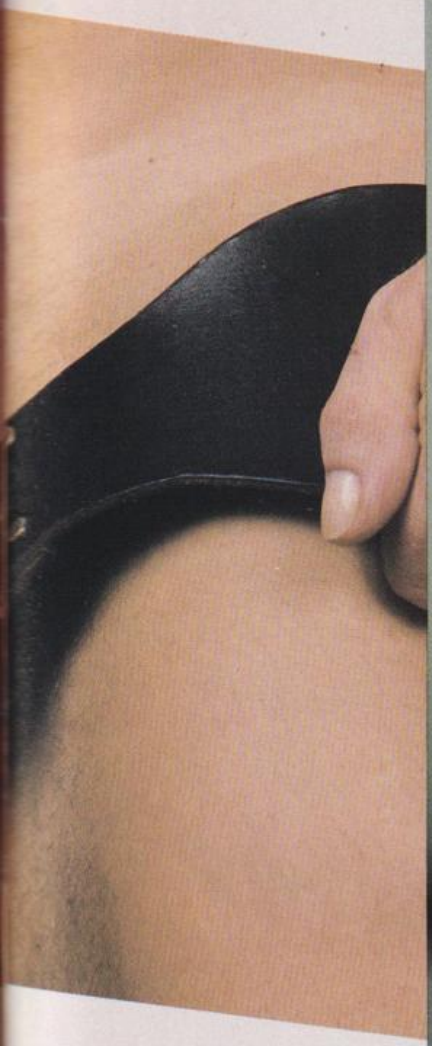

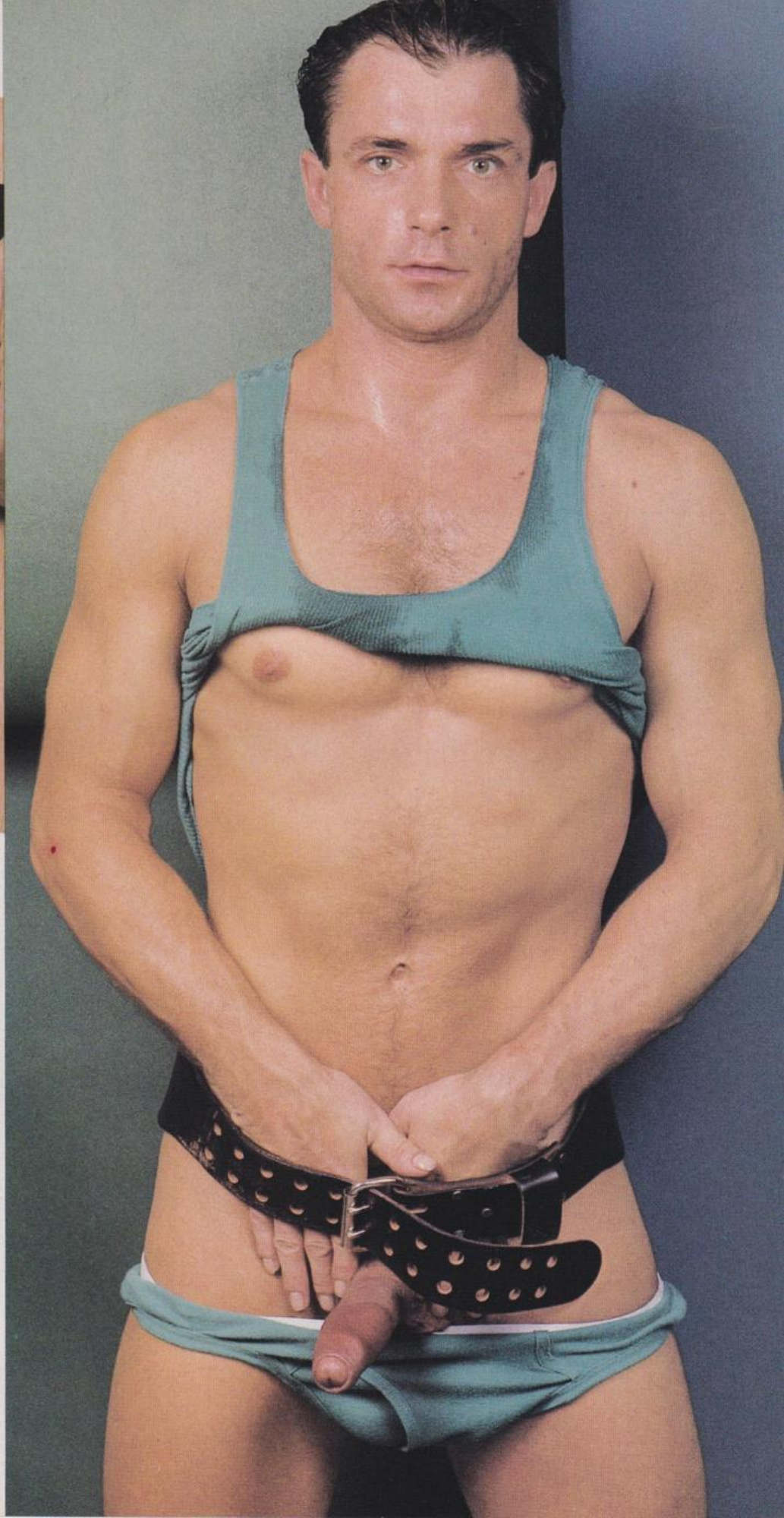

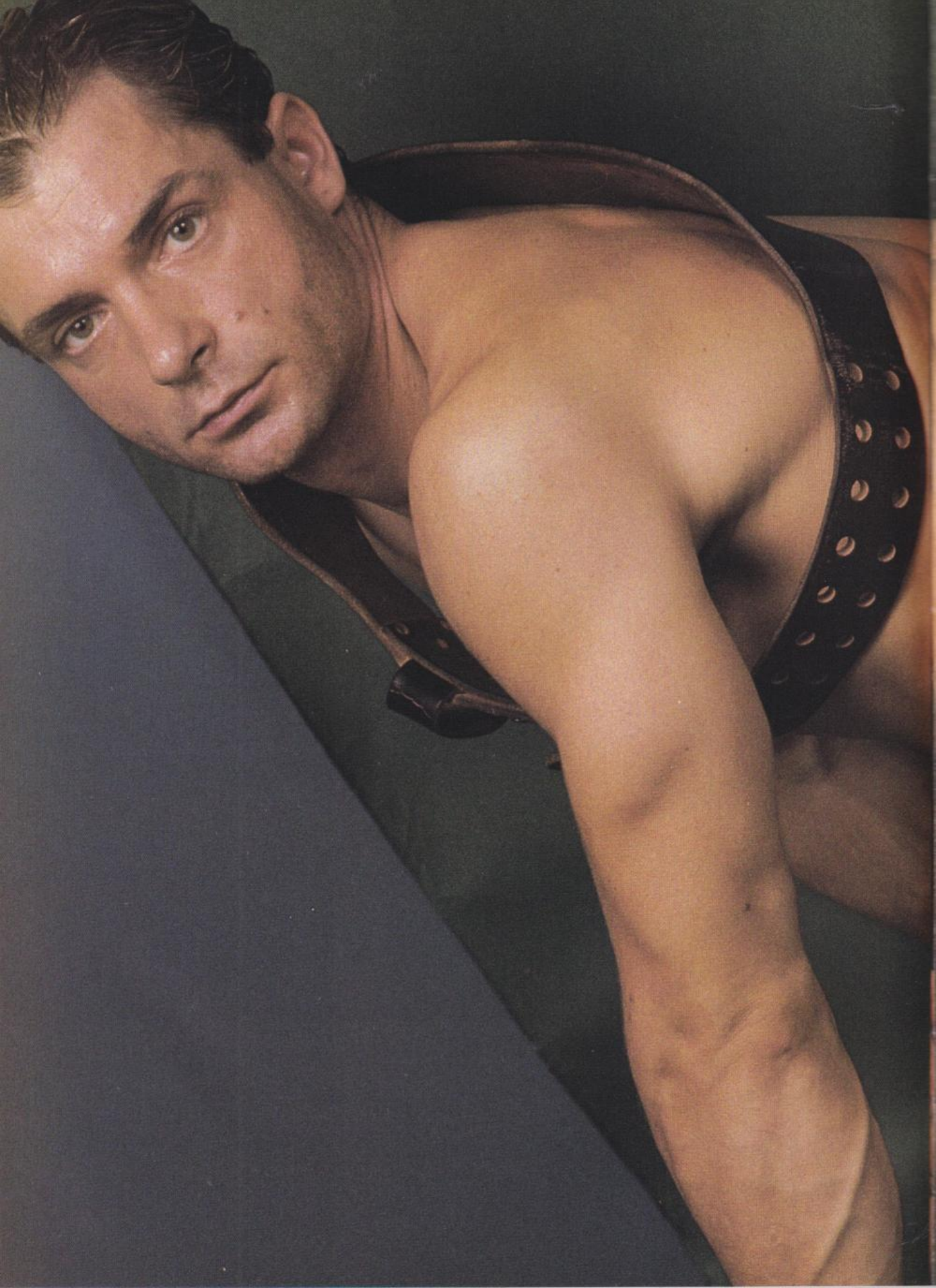

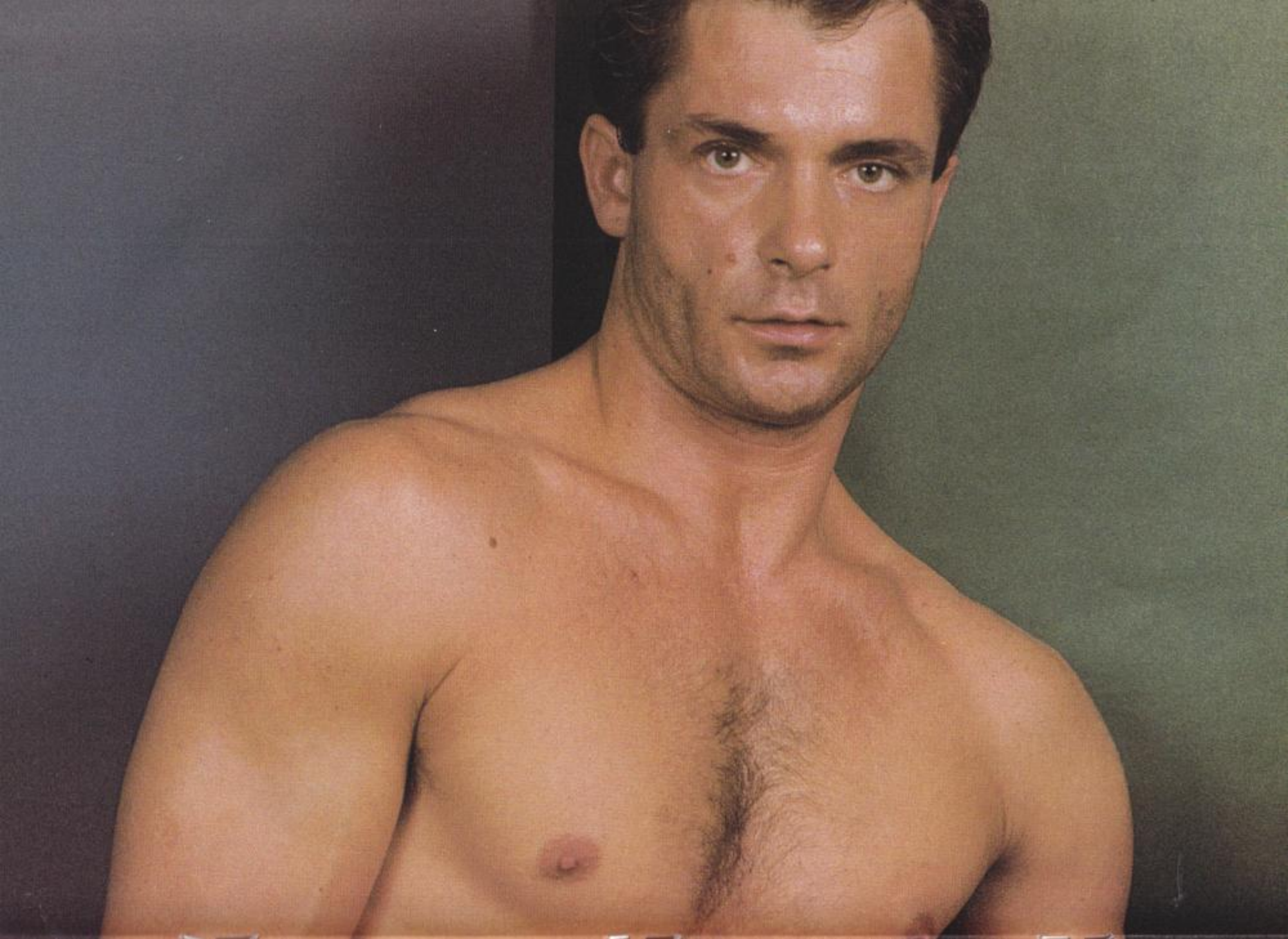

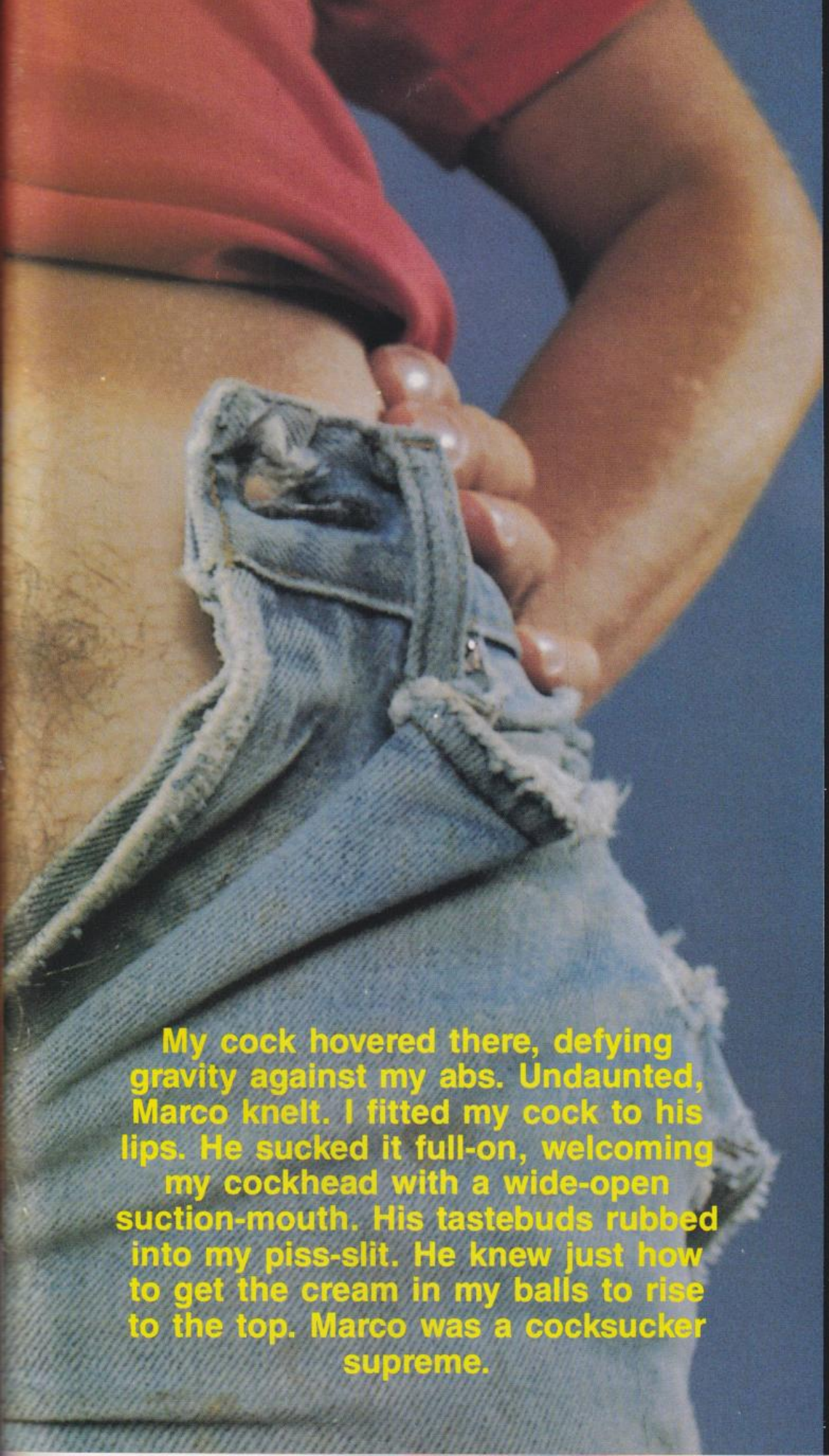

QUICKEE

My cock hovered there, defying gravity against my abs. Undaunted, Marco knelt. I fitted my cock to his lips. He sucked it full-on, welcoming my cockhead with a wide-open suction-mouth. His tastebuds rubbed into my piss-slit. He knew just how to get the cream in my balls to rise to the top. Marco was a cocksucker supreme.

BY DAN VEEN

It's closing time at the Quickee, and at eleven sharp, I perch my butt right on the edge of the counter so Marco, my assistant manager, can take my orders. Tonight, Marco is randier than ever. He's been thinking about this fuck since lunchtime.

"I love a man in uniform." Marco dives for the fly of my Quickee uniform. "But *you* always look best in your birthday suit." His magic fingers reach inside and toy with the curled hairs rooted at my crotch. My elastic cock expands in its jockstrap—feeling better and bigger.

When Marco gets me good and hard and feeling like I'm in the middle of a wet dream, I order him to strip me.

Just what he's been waiting for.

He slides my pants past my butthole. The cool smoothness of orange formica kisses my ass. Marco's tongue snakes into my hole, warm and slick. He's stripped to his bare balls, and he gets down to business admiring the hefty size of my cock. Mine's a whale of a cock,

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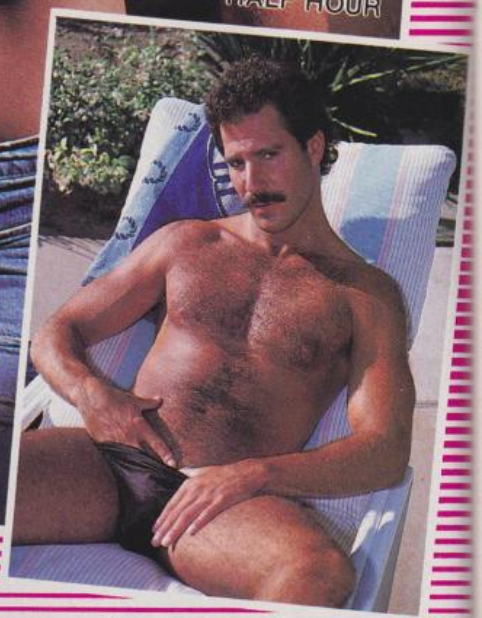

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too, the real Home of the Whopper. Then we get ready for some honest-to-goodness, ball-busting fucking right in the middle of the goddamn fast-food restaurant.

Marco pretty well lets me do anything I please with him. *Anything*. Since I've got the biggest cock and he's got the widest lips, I show him where the beef is, and he's always hungry for it. And every night, I swear, the fucks with Marco keep getting hotter and better.

Marco and me always closed the Quickee early. We couldn't wait to get naked. Our manager, Bill (The Bitch, we call him) always left us to clean up. Not that he trusted us, but somebody had to clean the fry machines and do the rest of the shitwork that part-time student workers at fast-food restaurants have to do. Bill was a sinfully great-looking boss, but bitchy as hell. He suspected Marco and me since day one.

Bill always joked how we were probably two cock-crazy, butt-fucking queers balling each other behind his back.

Bill insinuated that we spent our time creaming off in each other's asses every chance we had to unzip.

Bill was right.

Actually, the first time Marco and me fucked, you might say it was all thanks to Bill the Bitch.

Bill called me over one day, looked me up and down like a drill sergeant and barked:

"You call that presentable? We've got an image to present to the public and you come in with your shirt not tucked in, your shoes dirty, and hell—" He grabbed my chin like a butch queen and shrieked, "You haven't even shaved!"

I told him I didn't have time to shave that morning.

"Then *make* time!" Bill got off on being impossible. "Even for minimum wage jerk-offs I expect more than this! Shape up or—"

I could've belted him. I should've quit. Hell, if it weren't for all the fast-food restaurants in town half the students could earn a respectable living hustling. But Bill called over Marco, the Assistant Manager. Marco and me had homed in on each other my first day on the job.

His head bobbed fast—I thought he'd pull the thing off! Then I felt an electric buzz deep in my cumsacs and a seismic goose that made me forcefeed his face down to my balls just to keep my knees from buckling. He held my dick like a vacuum in his throat-socket. Letting cock choke him. Letting me cum gallons down his gutter throat.

I'd always catch him looking at me.

"Marco, take this fruitcake into the john and make sure he gets everything fixed right," Bill ordered him. Marco grinned that he'd be glad to.

"Yeah, I'm the Ass. Man." Marco's hot coal-like eyes burned on my fly the minute we were alone in the bathroom. His frisky compact body practically squirmed at the sight of my prominent box. I could tell he ached to rummage around inside. He liked what he saw and didn't waste time letting me know. He knew that I knew that he knew I knew. "Those pants look a little tight in the crotch...are you sure you don't need any adjustments?"

"That's because you keep looking at it," I laughed.

My stiffening cock thickened and swelled even more. (My cock hadn't had a good sucking since a week before at a group-frenching session when I let some cockworshipping straights drain my accumulated cumload four times. I never but never jerk-off, so by now I was some kinda horny. I could flick my dick at anything that opened its mouth. With a dick like mine, I never need to *ask* anybody. Sooner or later, *they* are asking *me*.)

Marco licked his lips. Then he licked *my* lips.

"I'd like to do a helluva lot more than look at that cockpiece of yours—tall, young and hung." Marco locked the bathroom door and laid seige to my crotch. His fingers tickled my fly. He had the sort of saucy plush mouth you'd love to see stuffed with your cock. "C'mon, pull your schlong out. I've had my eye on it ever since you got here. Now I'd like to get my mouth on it. Let's have a lick at your prick."

I reached in and hauled my cock out.

"Hot damn!" Marco whistled admiringly. He couldn't wait to get his mitts on it. He stroked my heated meat with both palms pulling back my damp foreskin, gauging the length. My dangling dick made him beside himself with lust.

"11?" He looked up and asked.

"11 7/8," I said.

My cock hovered there, defying gravity against my abs.

Undaunted, Marco knelt.

"C'mon, big 'un." He began to slurp cock. "Man oh man, this is going to be one helluva fringe benefit!"

I fitted my cock to his lips . He sucked it full-on, welcoming my cockhead with a wide-open suction-mouth. His tastebuds rubbed into my piss-slit. He knew just how to get the cream in my balls to rise to the top. Marco was a cocksucker supreme.

I let him gobble at my meat like a hungry fish. He masaged the length of my wrought-iron cock with his moist throat. I jammed further down his windpipe and he gulped greedily at the stem. He slurped the shaft. His tongue-tip slid around the groove of my cockhead, coaxing its foreskin back and forth, teasing all 11 7/8

inches. Even when he deep-throated it, he licked and slathered at my balls.

"Suck hard," I told him, "suck it good."

He was delighted to chow down on my prime piece of jumbo cockmeat. I kept feeding it to him, and he kept eating. Shit, the little sucker already had his own stiff cock out. He jerked his Italian sausage to the rhythm of the dynamic blowjob he was giving me.

His head bobbed fast—I thought he'd pull the thing off! Then I felt an electric buzz deep in my cum-sacs and a seismic goose that made me forcefeed his face down to my balls just to keep my knees from buckling. He held my dick like a vacuum in his throat-socket. Letting cock choke him. Letting me cum gallons down his gutter throat.

The pleading look he gave me said: "Spray my face with your cockcream! Shoot it! Fuck my mouth! Shoot your load!"

"Swallow it all, cocksucker!" I thrust, heaving a dozen dollops of my very best cream down his gullet. Gave his tonsils a good lube-job till he drained my ballsacs of every drop of cumjuice.

I came.

And came.

"Suck-suck-suck! Suck! SUCK! SUCK! SUCK!"

Nonstop jizz overflowed. And he sucked, siphoned my cum like he had a protein-deficiency. Even then, by God, it was hard to pry the suck-silly beefcake off his favorite new pacifier.

Marco was hooked. Once he'd sampled my cum, I could walk him around on a leash. (They always come back for more! Over a million served!) Hell, I'd have myself a favorite pet cocksucker whenever and wherever I got a hard-on—and just thinking about Marco's suckjob got me horny again!

Marco tongued off my zipper, shooting his own cum into his hand.

"Maybe we could fuck again—after work." He smacked his lips. Some of my own cum still dribbled from his chin like a milkshake he'd just enjoyed.

"Maybe," I said, just to keep my personal cocksucker in suspense. But I wasn't about to let this hot, little Italian cocksucker get away.

My cock twitched to try Marco's ass next, ready to give his bubble-butt the best fucking it ever got. I was sure he was one of those twisters and shouters.

I fucked him twice that night. I made him drop trou and bent him over the condiment stand, and what we did next was the most spice the Quickee had ever seen.

He did like I told him. He bent over and I spread his dimpled, tan ass. His velvet, little, olive asshole winked up at me. It twitched anxiously, moist and primed for fucking.

We didn't have lubricant, except some goddamn mayonnaise, but hell, that'd do, so I dabbed my thumb and stuck it up his ass. I swished it around in there hard and heavy, just to give him an idea of what my cock was gonna feel like. By the time I finished playing around in that cozy hole of his, Marco was begging me to fuck him. He wanted the real thing.

Marco's got the sort of ass that really moves when you stick your cock up it. You start to fuck it, and that tight, baby melon butt goes bananas on the first inch of cock you stick up it.

But you keep him still. No, you don't let that luscious little piece of ass budge. You clamp your hand around his squirming butt, one quivering bun in each hand, so he won't miss the next ten inches of your cock. He grunts about how big and hard your dick is, how it hurts, how good it feels, how bad he wants it, how he's gotta have it, how he's just gotta be fucked..."

But you keep his ass steady. He's all yours now. You're gonna have it your way.

You slide your cock in nice and slow. Just so he *appreciates* it. Get him used to it. Make him flinch—just a little—make him *feel* the fuck you're giving him.

Marco likes my cock stuck in as far as it can go, with his butt hugging every inch of my cockpiece. He's all worked up in a lather over being fucked doggie-style—that's when I let him rip.

He grinds back to my balls, glad to have his hole filled up with a cock that's got him feeling like he's getting the ever-lovin' guts fucked out of him. We both start pumping. Marco's glove-tight fuckchute skins my cock and cooks my spunk like it's as thirsty for my cum as his mouth is. Marco shouts he's gonna shoot. He paws at his spasming pud—ecstatic:

"Gimme that goddman fucking cock! Lemme *feel* it!"

He likes 'em wide and long, like mine, something that'll turn his insides out!

"Screw my ass! Fuck it! Fuuuuuck!"

I dick him hard, screw it in corkscrew-style, just to make the little sonofabitch happy. He bucks and spasms and can't seem to get enough cock.

"I—I'm cu-cu-cumming!" he slobbers, as if I didn't know. Shoots jizz all over. The whole fucking formica counter gets splattered with his cum eruption.

Marco likes my cock stuck in as far as it can stick, with his butt hugging every inch of my cockpiece. He's all worked up in a lather over being fucked doggie-style—that's when I let him rip. He grinds back to my balls, glad to have his hole filled up with a cock that's got him feeling like he's getting the ever-lovin' guts fucked out of him.

But I'm not done. Not yet. Me and my cock keep fucking ass, just getting started, probing and widening, making my cock at home in this pulsing fuckslot. Riding his bouncy ripe ass so fierce and fast his cock keeps hard so he can jerk it some more, a wad of his own fresh cream for lube. He likes that.

Marco likes my cock in fast, shoved in to the balls, then out to the cockhead. He likes keeping his asslips on just the very tip of my cock. He likes how the rim of his ass nibbles at my meat, makes my cock super-hot. He likes the way I shove it back up his ass so quick it takes his breath.

Saddling his butt like this triggers his cum-button, makes him shoot more cum. This time I polish off Marco's ass-fucking by cumming with him. By now he's so relaxed and roomy I'm ramming it in every which way. He goes wild. Jumps with every bolt of cream rocketing out of my cock. And I hold it there, well in, because he likes it. Even then my cum dribbles out his asscrack, shellacking both our balls in jism juice. Marco instinctively bends down to lick it up, crazy for my cock and cum.

I figure he's had plenty for one night. I figure one flying fuck is enough to make anyone sleep tight, but no:

"Don't take it out," he whimpers, "Not just yet! Keep it in, please..."

He looks around at me and, shit, this pup's so damned cute, flushed with that just-fucked feeling, that I decide to have mercy and give him another ride on my dick.

This time I flip him over, not bothering to take my whopper out of him. He yelps, but loves it. I smear his rump in all the jizz we'd already spilt. The horny fucker gets more excited than ever, spitted on my dick, getting screwed in puddles of warm jizz!

With Marco's legs hoisted over my shoulders, my cock locks two inches deeper in his asshole. Marco groans that it feels like an enormous dildo—only better!

"Thanks," I plunge away, "But this dick's bigger than any dildo." I keep fucking his sloppy hole till we both come again. It's the least I can do.

Even though he begged for more cock that night, I wouldn't give him any. Didn't want to spoil him. We mopped up after ourselves and went home.

After that two-man orgy, there was no stopping Marco and me. He let me fuck him every chance we got at work. At every break, every spare moment, we'd sneak away so Marco could suck me off in the freezer, or in Bill's office, or out by the dumpster. Just a wink from Marco would stiffen my dick. But we never met after-hours. Hell, that would've been overtime.

That night, after closing early, Marco got us both hard. He crouched and lapped at my balls like he knew he was supposed to do. He stuck his finger into my ass so that I couldn't help but ride his upturned face like a saddle. Just the way I like it. That was the way we were when I suddenly saw my cock pointing full-tilt at Bill.

Bill looked like thunder. "I knew you guys were jerking off at work. I just had to see it with my own eyes before I fired you both."

Oh shit, I thought. How the hell can you hide an 11 7/8-inch hard-on?

Bill stood gauging me. And my dick. The muscles on his neck seemed about to pop. Strong arms crossed his broad chest.

"Good thing I kept my eyes on you two faggots!" Bill seemed more jealous than mad.

But Marco was quick. He piped up:

"How long have you had an eye on us, Bill?" Marco sized Bill up craftily. "Anyway, Bill...looks like you liked what you saw...."

Marco was right. Damned if there wasn't a definite bump in Billyboy's pants, getting bigger watching two guys making it.

"Why, I know just how you feel, Bill." Marco toyed with Bill's psyche and my balls. "Whenever I look at this big, hard cock I get all hot and bothered in the crotch, too. It's a hunk of meat, isn't it? He fucks me with it too—at least four times a day!"

I watched Bill sweat and watched him watch Marco fondling my cock. Bill wanted to touch my cock, too, I could tell. He wanted to suck me.

"I mean, my mouth waters when I think of the taste of this big cock's cum. Go on," Marco tantalized. Bill look confused. "Why don't you try

He caved in, inhibitions collapsing as he dropped to his knees and crawled over between my spread legs. He stood up on his haunches to get his mouth stretched around my cock. The cock he'd dreamed of sucking was all his. He wet the shaft of my prick with his tongue, slicking up my meat for a nice, wet blowjob.

it? I promise you never tasted anything like it...promise...."

I aimed my cock at Bill.

He'd dropped his guard, hypnotized by my fat meat. Hell, this juicy meat of mine makes some out-and-out straights take it where they breathe. Once they see it, they can't resist it. I could tell Bill dreamed about sucking this cock of mine for a long time. He'd be crawling for it like the rest of 'em.

"Bill, I've got a load of cream in this cock that I'm going to shoot in your mouth."

Bill hesitated, unsure.

"I wanna feel your mouth on my cock right now. So suck."

He caved in, inhibitions collapsing as he dropped to his knees and crawled over between my spread legs. He stood up on his haunches to get his mouth stretched around my cock. The cock he'd dreamed of sucking was all his. He wet the shaft of my prick with his tongue, slicking up my meat for a nice, wet blowjob.

"That's it," I petted his head, winked at Marco, who was helping to stuff my prick into Bill's mouth. "Suck it all down."

Just a touch to his head hooked Bill's mouth further onto my dick.

"Do just like I tell you, and you can have my meat for as many times as you ask me nicely for it."

Bill seemed relieved to finally be permitted to suck me. It was a grateful sort of blowjob, the tongue-slathering appreciative variety that told me he had his mouth on the dick of his dreams. Bill was really the type who needed to be bossed into it—and I was just the boss he needed.

Marco shucked off Bill's pants and stuffed his Italian dickmeat into the first available hole: Bill's wide-opened ass. Bill seemed opened to anything, especially ass-fucking. A natural faggot really, born-again butch.

Bill took Marco's cock full up him with hardly a squeal, but then, his throat was *ocupado*. In a flash, Marco plowed balls-deep into Bill and was humping to heaven.

Bill moaned with pleasure. I laughed. At last Bill was getting what was coming to him.

"Yeah, open up that hole good, Marco. Fuck the shit outta him! Warm him up for me!" I patted Bill's busy head. "Did you hear that, Bill? That's where I'm gonna fuck you next!"

I held Bill's ears while he tongued my cock. Not a bad cocksucker for a beginner.

"Ye-es," I taunted him, "I'm gonna fuck you in the ass as soon as you drink all my cum. That way I can keep fucking you for the rest of the night if I wanna!"

Marco and me grinned at each other from both ends of our boss.

I creamed off in his throat. The hot rush of cum spumed into his mouth, overflowing into his bluging cheeks.

"Geezus!" Bill gasped, sputtering up for air. "Nothing ever tasted so good!"

"Another satisfied customer!" I wiped his nose with my cock.

I laid back on the counter to keep Bill from gulping a second helping of my meat. I had more in mind for Bill.

My cock stood rockhard. The pouch of my ballsacs was slick with Bill's spit and my cum—ready for what I was going to tell him to do next.

"Come 'ere and sit on this, Bill. Sit on my cock." I waved it at him. I propped my arms behind my head, so I could watch while he got himself fucked.

By this time Bill would do whatever I told him. He wanted me and my dick more than anything in the world, and would sit up and beg to get it. He climbed aboard.

"Go ahead. Put it in," I coached, his haunches astride my upright cockpiece. Marco took hold of my eleven-incher and aimed it up into that fuzzy puckered bull's-eye of Bill's. "Sit down on it. Relax. Fuck yourself with it! It's all yours, so ride that cock till you cum!"

He sighed and moaned as he slid my cock in halfway, then all the way down my cockshaft. He moved like we were hinged at the crotch, soldered to my balls. He'd hit bottom, my cock pinning him to me.

"It's all yours!" I bucked him up. "Fuck yourself."

Bill whipped his ass frantically all around my cock. Hell, you could've spun him like a top, spindled like he was—and the sonofabitch would've just screamed for you to go faster.

But I let him have it his way. He tried to cram even more of my meat up him. He was a helluva hot number once you got him wound up.

"That's just skin, Billy-boy, it's not rubber." I laughed at his frenzied ass humping against me like a bronco buster. He clawed and bit at my chest, chewing on my pecs, splaying his legs, grabbing and jerking at his cock, rubbing raw his turned-on stub of meat till he bucked full-tempo, arched his back and nearly turned flip-flops shooting a huge load for such a mini-sized cock.

"Shoot it! Shoot that cock!" Marco jerked off above us, cheering Bill on. Marco liked watching Bill getting fucked almost as much as he liked getting fucked himself. He sprayed a good healthy load all over Bill's face.

But Bill was past caring—he kept pumping cum for a good five

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BIGGER, FASTER, HARDER

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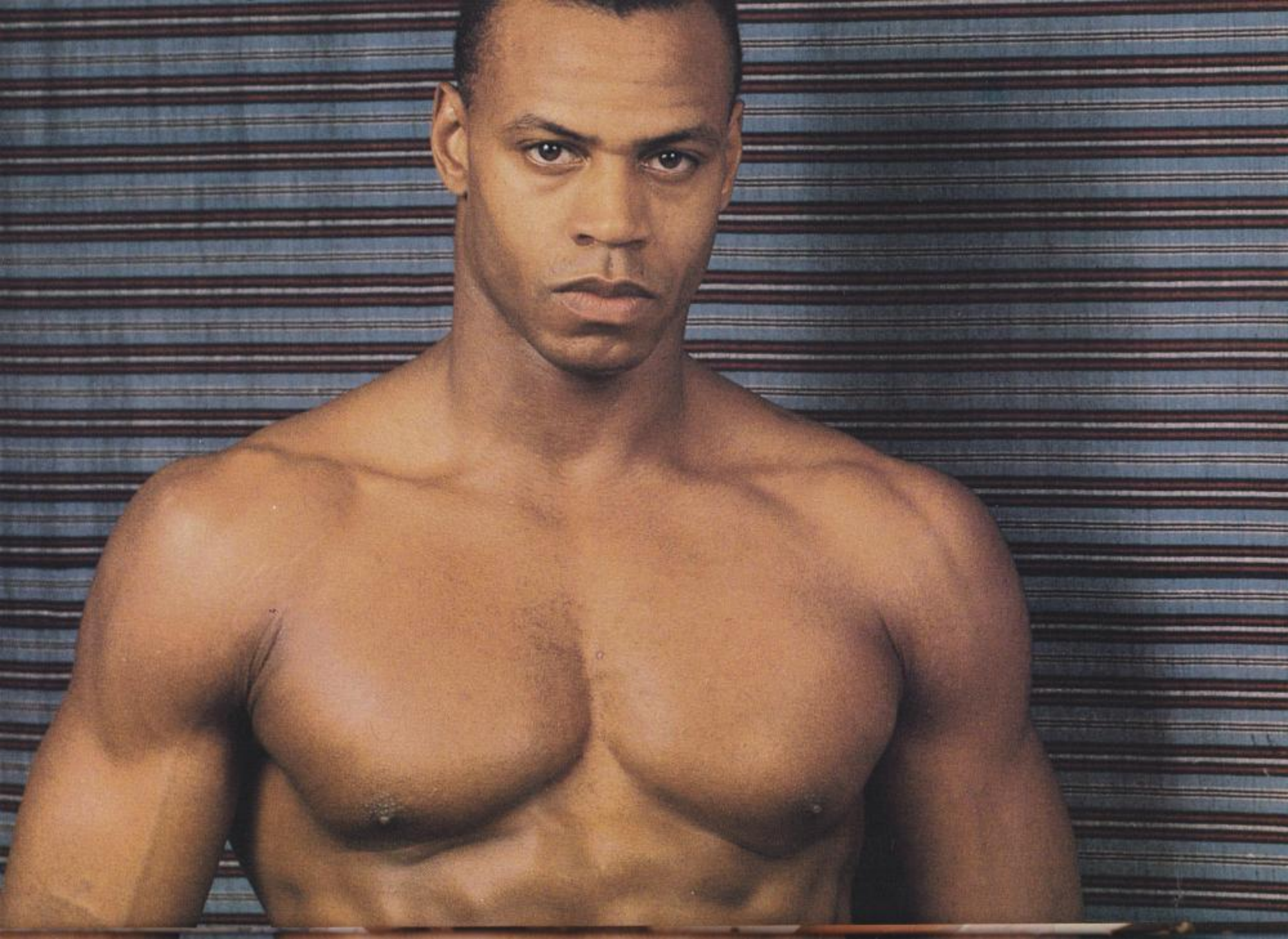

The brightest star of all...

ROCK

AMONG THE PEBBLES

BY GARFIELD WILLIAMS

No one swore in the movies. Men's crotches disappeared in baggy trousers and double-breasted suits and "suggestive" hairy chests were shaved clean for beach scenes. It goes without saying that nobody, nobody was gay.

If you're under 30 years old, it's hard to realize just how big a movie star Rock Hudson really was. For years he topped all polls as the most popular of stars, and not just in America but in the world. He repeatedly beat out all his peers at the box office. Marlon Brando, Paul Newman, Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, James Dean were undeniably superstars but their popularity wavered from picture to picture. Brando was big after *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951) and through *On the Waterfront* (1954), but by the time *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1962) played to empty seats, his leading man days were decidedly over. James Dean was a cult star and his death made him a superstar bigger than when he was alive. John Wayne was a nostalgia favorite and longevity kept him there. The teenage, bubble gum set flirted with blond Tab Hunter and a blonder Troy Donahue, but they were a fickle lot indeed, and the Tabs, Troys, Tommies and Tammys faded quickly with nary a look back from their former adoring fans. But not Rock Hudson. He was the essence of the handsome, clean-cut American male. His audiences knew he had honor. They knew he

ROCK AMONG THE PEBBLES

was as stable as his name implied, and was a nice guy besides. Women loved his dark looks and big frame, and men liked his non-threatening, quiet masculinity. They knew he'd cure Jane Wyman's blindness, be a good husband to Liz Taylor and resist the temptations of nymphet Dorothy Malone in *Written on the Wind*.

In the late forties Hollywood was a different place than the hardcore, peekaboo place of today. According to the movie rags, stars were phantom visions that lived in a world of studio glamour, cotton candy lives, and antiseptic happiness. All the studios had stars on seven year contracts with moral clauses in fine print to make sure they behaved. All films were viewed by the Hays office, the governing body of film morality. They would not give their almighty seal of approval if they suspected a kiss lasted a bit too long or the hero's intentions were the least bit dishonorable. Their codes were very rigid but hardly realistic. No one swore in the movies. Males and females were never pictured in double beds. The best a married couple could hope for was two singles with a nightstand between. Men's crotches disappeared in baggy trousers and double-breasted suits and "suggestive" hairy chests were shaved clean for beach scenes. It goes without saying that nobody, nobody was gay!

The bad girls were satin slinky but not immoral—just misguided and the Hays people always made sure they didn't win Mr. Nice Guy. What they did make sure was that they paid for their lusts in the last reel. Good triumphed over evil, motherhood was next to sainthood and Mom's apple pie cooled on the window sill as the American flag waved in the yard.

This was the projected vision of Hollywood the fan magazines swore was true; reality was another matter. Hollywood was, and is, a hot house cocoon of sex and money. It was a flint-hard business, where the "contract for sex" game abounded, has-been fever ran high, and just about everyone knew the score about everyone else. Charles Laughton's homosexuality was a well-known fact, but when he auditioned for the lead in Warner's *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (1944), they rejected him because they felt he swished too much. Ironically, the lead eventually went to another gay male—Monty Wooley, and it made him a star. The magazines mentioned that the studio didn't think Charles was "quite right" for the part, but had lined up another picture for him. (They hadn't.) What they forgot to mention was Judy Garland's crippling Ritalin addiction, Errol Flynn's sly trips across the border for beachboy bacchanals and Tab Hunter's all-male pajama parties. This one slipped out to the notorious scandal rag of the '50s, *Confidential Magazine*, and sent Hollywood into a publicity panic.

Moviegoers from Detroit and Dayton, Syracuse and Seattle, were truly ignorant of anything except what they read in the magazines or Sunday layouts. Ignorance was bliss and Hollywood was definitely blissful. They told us all those lurid rape incidents and bed-hopping tales were very exaggerated. Lana Turner kept getting married because she truly was searching for pure love (honest she was), and teenage hunk Lon McAllister only roomed with fellow 20th Century Fox actor William Eythe till the right girl came along—and boy, was he searching hard for her.

Into this cornucopia of bananas and peaches, fruit and nuts came a strapping 6′ 4″ youth named Roy Fitzgerald. Our hero Roy was no fool, naive maybe, but certainly no fool. He knew he couldn't act, and once he took a gander at the Sunset Strip set, he realized good-looking men were a dime a dozen in Movietown, and many didn't cost much more. One rainy afternoon he met blond actor Johnny Sands at an acting audition at the Pasadena Playhouse. Roy never even got to read once they realized he had no acting credits. After telling them he drove a truck, the director told him to unload it elsewhere, and turned away laughing. Johnny didn't laugh and invited the embarrased Roy for coffee at the then "in" spot for out-of-work actors—Schwab's Drugstore.

Johnny Sands for a brief period

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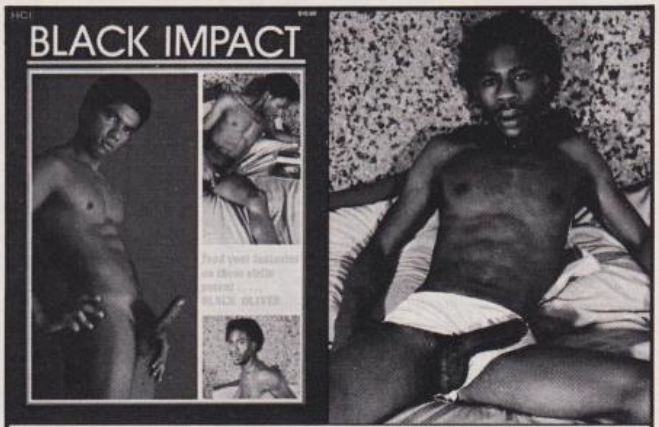

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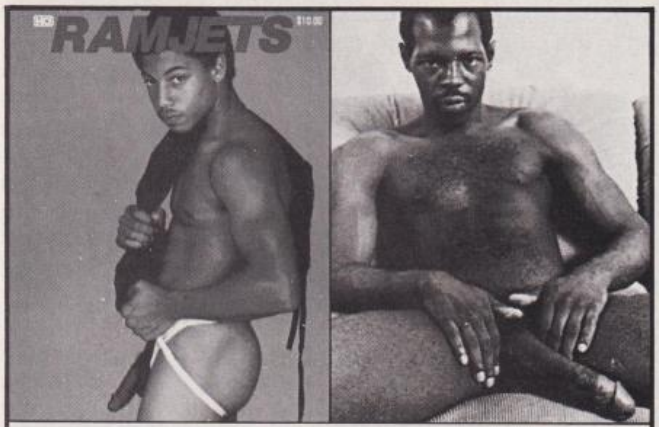

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ROCK AMONG THE PEBBLES

in the late forties was a promising actor. He'd just finished a flashy part as Shirley Temple's basketball playing boyfriend in *The Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer* (1948). He was billed after Cary Grant, Myrna Loy and Temple. Roy had seen it and was very impressed. In person Johnny was far different than the moonstruck, high school shnooks of his movies. He was street-wise, older than he looked, and blunt. Get an agent, fuck acting tryouts, and get hep to the propositions that'll be coming along. It's not how many you know, but how many you blow. Roy got the drift and Johnny suggested he get some pictures taken and send them to an agent, maybe Henry Willson. "He likes big guys." That's just what Roy did and with sprocket speed Roy was in Henry's office, Henry was in Roy's "confidence," Roy was in *Fighter Squadron* and Rock Hudson was in the movies.

Henry Willson was one of the most successful agents in the picture business. He was also the most well known homosexual in that business. Even in the closeted forties Willson made few pretenses. Unless he was around a big shot like Louie Mayer from MGM who felt uncomfortable with gay people, he was quite frank, and even franker when he drank, and he drank a lot. He discovered Art Gelien and renamed him Tab Hunter. He then christened him "The Sigh Guy" and amazed Hollywood skeptics by landing the unknown the lead in *Island of Desire* (1951) opposite established star Linda Darnell. Tab took off in the polls and Willson negotiated his contract with Warner Brothers. Hunter remained a huge teenage favorite for most of the fifties.

Willson wanted Rock to have a binding studio contract. "They'll teach ya, kid, teach ya." He took him to Warner's, but they were not interested, neither was Paramount. RKO was in big financial trouble and primarily pushed Howard Hughes' girlfriends anyway. They said no. MGM was too big and Henry was afraid he'd get lost in the shuffle. The most promising was Universal International Studios. They hardly made A productions; they catered to a teenage market, but Universal pictures were popular with less discriminating audiences. After a brief interview they put Rock under a $100 a week optional contract and promised to groom him, and that's just what they did. They worked him on a non-stop cycle. Acting lessons, diction, and bits in pictures already in production. Each one a little bigger than the last; the "learn as you earn" method. And Hudson was a quick study whose name was moving up the credit list very quickly.

The sexual affair between agent Willson and blooming he-man Hudson was whispered party gossip in Beverly Hills, but it went no further. Nobody wanted to kill any golden geese. Now entrenched at the studio (they'd picked up his option and given him a $25 raise), they expected him to behave, and he did. He "dated" Piper Laurie and Lori Nelson for premieres, and said dancer Vera Ellen and he were serious. To show how serious they really were, they showed up at a costume ball as Mr. and Mrs. Oscar,

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What they forgot to mention was Judy Garland's crippling Ritalin addiction, Errol Flynn's sly trips across the border for beachboy bacchanals and Tab Hunter's all-male pajama parties.

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completely painted gold. The photographers went wild. Business was lush indeed in Lotusland.

When Tyrone Power checked into the Universal lot in October, 1952 for costume fittings for *The Mississippi Gambler*, Rock had just begun filming one of his first starring vehicles. It was a stirring little grind-house cheapie called *Seminole*. It had Hugh O'Brien to help the young West Point graduate convince the Indians to sign the peace treaty and help him win back Barbara Hale from the savage redskin Anthony Quinn. With a nonsensical plot, threadbare budget and lackluster direction, the filming was tough going at best. In contrast *Gambler* was going to be one of Universal's big new technicolor releases. The studio bragged to the press about star Ty and red hot co-star Piper Laurie, and after Piper's smash opposite Tony Curtis in *The Prince Who Was a Thief* (1951), she really was popular with the teenagers. In contrast Power was in a temporary decline. You'd never know it from the press releases, but executives were nervous over Ty. His superstar days were basically in the '40s and at Zanuck's 20th Century empire. Insiders whispered what a comedown it was to move to a production line studio like Universal when you'd been the leading box office attraction at mighty Fox for twelve years. They also worried about Ty's looks. The chiseled features were sagging, his eyes were red, and the bags under them took miracles for the makeup men to hide. The fast life and heavy drinking had taken their toll, but Rock never noticed. To Rock Hudson, Tyrone Power was the handsomest man he'd ever seen!

In the close knit studio world everyone's paths eventually crossed. Rock and Ty met one lunch hour in the commissary, and the affair of the fading star and the surging newcomer began. It lasted sporadically for years, in secret beach houses and high walled mansions, and eventually it expanded into orgies. British star Michael Rennie was often included, as was a popular '40s cowboy star. It eventually ended as the cloak and dagger secrecy become more fun than the sex. The sex ended but not the friendship. It endured until Power's death on a movie set in Spain in 1958.

As the years rolled on, one hit after another reeled off the sound stages and Rock Hudson became a superstar. Most of his earlier contemporaries like Scott Brady, Audie Murphy, Richard Egan, Ray Danton and a zillion others were either gone entirely or playing support. To the casual filmgoers Hudson had everything, but closer scrutiny could be painful. Fame was a slippery tightrope and the line between that and notoriety were very slim. Hypocrisy was rampant in the film business. The gay subculture was everywhere, but studios knew nothing, nothing about it. Producers knew no star could survive, no matter how famous, if the public even vaguely suspected he made love to someone of the same sex. Scandal was the terror of the business and the biggest terror was exposure—a *Confidential Magazine* specialty!

Confidential Magazine was a touch of rare exotica. Twenty years ahead of *The Enquirer*, they popped the public's eyes with headlines like "Lizabeth Scott Among the Girls," "Dan Dailey in Drag" and "Lana Turner Shares a Lover with Ava Gardner". They told about glamour boy Rory Calhoun's prison record and showed his ugly police picture. Its circulation had skyrocketed to an unheard of 4,000,000 copies a week, and their next copy was going to feature Rock Hudson. Needless to say studio executives were numbed with fear and a sly "trade off" was worked out. Don't use anything on Rock and we'll "give you" George Nader. Nader was also on contract to Universal, but hardly the calibre of Hudson, and that's just what happened. Nader got thrown to the wolves and Rock got married—to agent Willson's secretary. The sham lasted three years, but it quelled the gossip, cemented the image, and reinforced Hudson's quest for absolute privacy. A quest he held for the rest of his life.

Well, the lurid AIDS headlines and last days of Rock Hudson were painfully exploited and we'll not recap them here. The 140 pound skeleton with the lesions and bedsores in the big mansion is too painful to imagine. Could you honestly imagine Rock Hudson dying? Maybe your cousin Joe or your uncle Mike, but never Rock Hudson. He's too strong, he beat off the Indians, he fought with John Wayne, he—well anyway, it challenges our own immortality. But remember one thing. Whether you saw *Magnificent Obsession* when it first came out, *Pillow Talk* on the late night TV or watched *McMillan and Wife* and wished he was bantering with you, you were watching a true star. An entity that transcends time and change. New generations will discover the star in the persona of Rock Hudson. Viewers swept up in the melodrama of *Giant* and the gentle masculinity of Hudson, know he really isn't dead. If we're careful, the film will last forever. The Rock Hudsons of this world will live on long after their mortal beings, primes of beauty, and peaks of artistry have fled. Their films will keep them alive. ■

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Older Men

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

fed me his load.

His cum was salty, and I let it fill my mouth before I swallowed it. All the while he was coming I tongued the underside of his knob and he whimpered. When he was finished, I thanked him for his load.

I turned around and found a fresh cock waiting for me in the other hole a big sweaty one with a set of hairy balls below. I could have jacked off looking at it. I guessed the guy was maybe 40, probably a construction worker who needed to get his rocks off after work—at least that's what I fantasized. I wrapped my mouth around his cock and went to work.

He had the sweatiest cock I'd ever tasted, and I salivated so much sucking it that I was able to take it deep in my throat, swallowing it all the way to the man's balls. His hairy groin rubbed my nose. His cock flexed in my mouth, sending shivers through the both of us.

"Good boy," he whispered. "Suck it!"

I played with his balls and used lots of tongue action on the underside of his rod. The faster I sucked, the faster he humped, really fucking my mouth and throat. His cock turned harder than bone and suddenly he was shooting. Wads of spunk shot against my tonsils. I tongued his pisshole, enjoying the taste of his salty cream as it shot out. I slid my lips up and down his shaft until I'd sucked out the last jelly-like gobs.

My own cock was pointed straight up in the air, just about glued to my belly. My balls had swelled as big as golfballs. I could have shot off anytime, but I wanted to suck all the dick I could get my mouth on before I let my cream fly.

I turned around to the other hole and, as expected, a fresh cock was waiting for me. I'd sucked so many cocks already I couldn't remember them all, but what did it matter? I'd suck off every guy in town if I could. And it didn't matter that I couldn't see a lot of these guys' faces. Right now all I wanted to see was cock, fresh hard cock. I wrapped my lips around the new cock and sucked it off in about two minutes.

When I turned around again, I saw a face. The guy was in his forties and had his mouth open and his tongue hanging out. I almost had heart failure when I first saw him because he looked like my dad. When I realized the guy just *looked* like my dad, that he actually wasn't my dad, my heart started pounding again and I sighed with relief.

"Did you save some for me?" the guy whispered.

"Maybe," I said.

He smiled. "I wanna lick your smelly young nuts, hippie-slut. I wanna suck your dirty young cock. I wanna lick out your asshole and suck your toes. How's that? Now gimme a kiss."

To my right another guy was watching us through his glory hole. I wiggled my cock at him a few times and when he opened his mouth, salivating for a taste, I stuck my right foot in his face. To my surprise he took hold of my foot and started licking it. I wiggled the toes of both my feet, which were grubby with cum and street grime, and as the men licked them I wrapped my hand around my cock and started beating off.

"Mmm!" I sighed, getting off on the feeling of massaging my dick while two men worshipped my feet. My toes clutched sensuously and my foreskin slid. My dickhead smelled wonderfully raunchy and lube oozed from my pisshole, dripping on my tanned belly. I started

His cock turned harder than bone and suddenly he was shooting. Wads of spunk shot against my tonsils. I tongued his pisshole, enjoying the taste of his salty cream as it shot out. I slid my lips up and down his shaft until I'd sucked out the last jelly-like globs.

I laughed at his crazy talk, and when he puckered up, I kissed him. I'd never kissed a man before and I almost shot. Our tongues slid in each other's mouth. I drooled and he swallowed my spit. I really dug kissing him. Thrills pulsed through my body and cock and my balls ached.

"Marry me," he said.

"I'm too young to get married," I said.

"If you won't marry me, then let me suck your toes," he said. "I'm nuts for hot young feet."

His raunchy talk turned me on and I wasn't about to pass up a new experience like getting my toes sucked. I got up on the bench, leaned my back against the wall, and stuck my left foot in the man's face. He grabbed it and started kissing it.

massaging my nuts. As I breathed, the ridges of my belly muscles danced under my skin.

"Dirty hippie!" the man to my left growled. "Hot funky feet!" He licked my sole and between my toes. He took my big toe between his lips and sucked it.

I almost shot. Thrills filled my big toe and pulsed up my leg. My toes curled as fuck-itch filled my loins. I let go of my cock a few seconds so I wouldn't come.

The guy on my left started sucking all my toes, and when the guy on my right saw him, he did the same. I squirmed, going crazy. I grabbed my cock again and started jerking it. My left hand pinched and pulled the skin on my balls. My toes clutched in the mouths of the two men, my toenails clawing.

"Suck my toes!" I groaned.

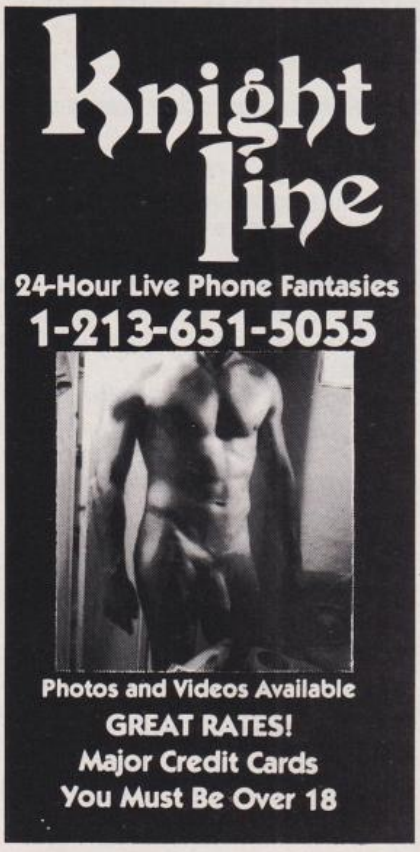
I wiggled my cock at him a few times and when he opened his mouth, salivating for a taste, I stuck my right foot in his face. To my surprise he took hold of my foot and started licking it. I wiggled the toes of both my feet, which were grubby with cum and street grime...

It was as if my ten toes had become ten cocks. The same feeling shot through my toes and feet and legs as were shooting through my balls and asshole and cock. I hauled on my cock in a frenzy, close to shooting.

The guy on my left stopped his toe-sucking and a second later he was shooting cum off over my foot. As his cum seeped between my toes, my eyes rolled back and I exploded all over my front.

"Ahhhh! Yeahhhh!" I shot all the way to my chin.

I felt so fucking good! I arched up, my body twanging like a bowstring, my toes working frantically.



The guy on my right got up suddenly and started creaming on my right foot. Man-cum ran down both my feet. All I could smell was cum. All I could feel was pleasure. I nearly blacked out before it was over.

The guy to my left licked his cum off my foot, then begged me for my cum. I got off the bench and pressed myself up to the glory hole, sliding up and down as the sighing man lapped the cum off my belly and chest, off my cock and balls. He wanted to lick out my armpits, so I let him. Then we kissed again.

After the two toe-suckers left, I sucked off three more cocks before the obnoxious clerk came into the back room and started shouting for people to drop their quarters in the machines or get out. I hadn't dropped any quarters yet, and I'd had enough cocksucking for the time being, so I put on my jeans and tanktop shirt and went out to the counter to get my skateboard. The clerk gave me hell for being barefoot, said if he'd seen I was barefoot when I came in he'd have kicked me out on the spot. I took my board and left.

Outside the sun was blinding. Coming out of the store was like coming out of a trance. I dropped my board and was ready to shove off when somebody grabbed my shoulder from behind. It was a gray-haired guy in a business suit who'd followed me out. I didn't recognize him, but he told me I gave great head.

"How'd you like to go for a ride with me?" he said. "I'll make it worth your while. Twenty bucks sound all right?"

In those days twenty bucks sounded like a fortune. I went.

His car was a limousine, a Cadillac or something, all shiny and chromed, with windows tinted so dark you couldn't see in from outside. We cruised through rush-hour traffic with him rubbing my leg and me rubbing my cock through my jeans.

"Take that big thing out," he said. "Let me see it."

I shoved my jeans down to my knees and my dick stuck straight up like a throbbing torpedo. He gave it a squeeze, working the foreskin up and down a few times. Then he took out his own cock and told me to suck it. I leaned over his lap, working his foreskin up and down as I sucked. It took me about three minutes to bring him off, and when he shot he grunted and just about drove off the road. The car swerved, horns blasted at us, and I gulped his hot, slimy cum.

"You're good," he said. "You got me off twenty minutes ago in the store, and now again. I haven't repeated like that in years."

I was sitting there, licking his cum off my lips, my hand pounding my lusting young prong. The man reached over into the glove compartment and pulled out a coffee cup.

"Cream into this," he said, and as he drove he watched me shoot my wad. He took the cup and drank my fresh load, licking down to get every drop. "Sweet elixir of youth," he said. "Worth every penny of twenty bucks." He paid me and dropped me off.

I went back to the porn shop the next day, and almost every day thereafter. The supply of cocks for sucking was endless—all these older men who went ape-shit over being sucked by a younger guy. I let guys blow me occasionally, but most of the time I did the sucking. I liked to blow a dozen or so men, really getting worked up, then stick my dick in a mouth and blow a guy's head off. The feeling was fantastic.

Before long I'd made friends with the store's owner, an older guy who worked evenings and who enjoyed getting blowjobs behind the counter. He spoke to that obnoxious clerk for me and after that I was never hassled again.

"You're great for business," the owner told me one evening. "The men adore you."

"I adore them," I said, padding barefoot to the back room. ■

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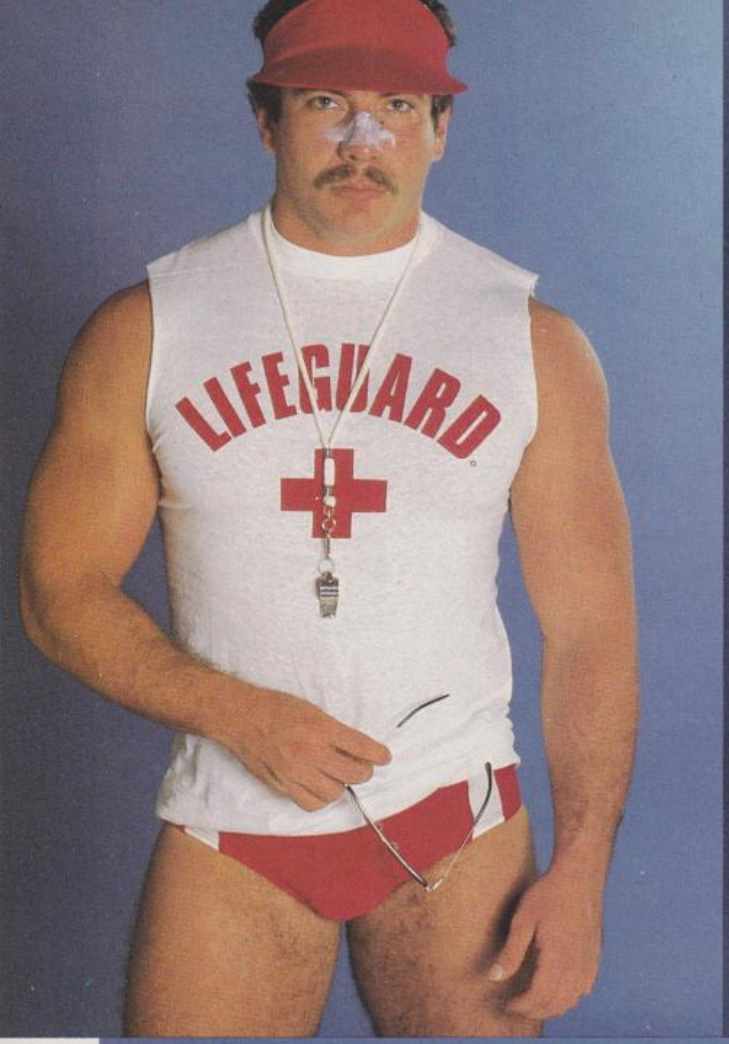
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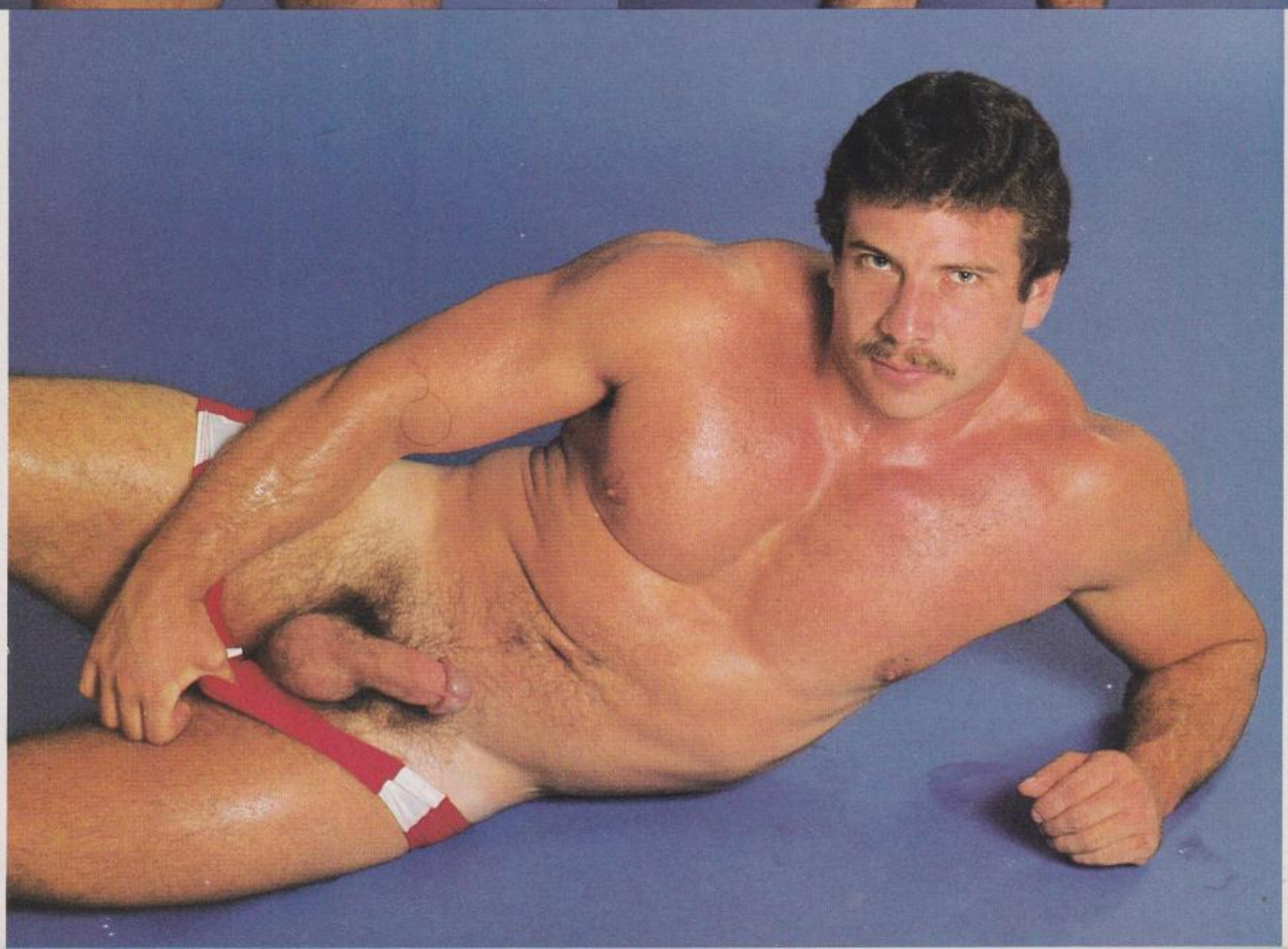

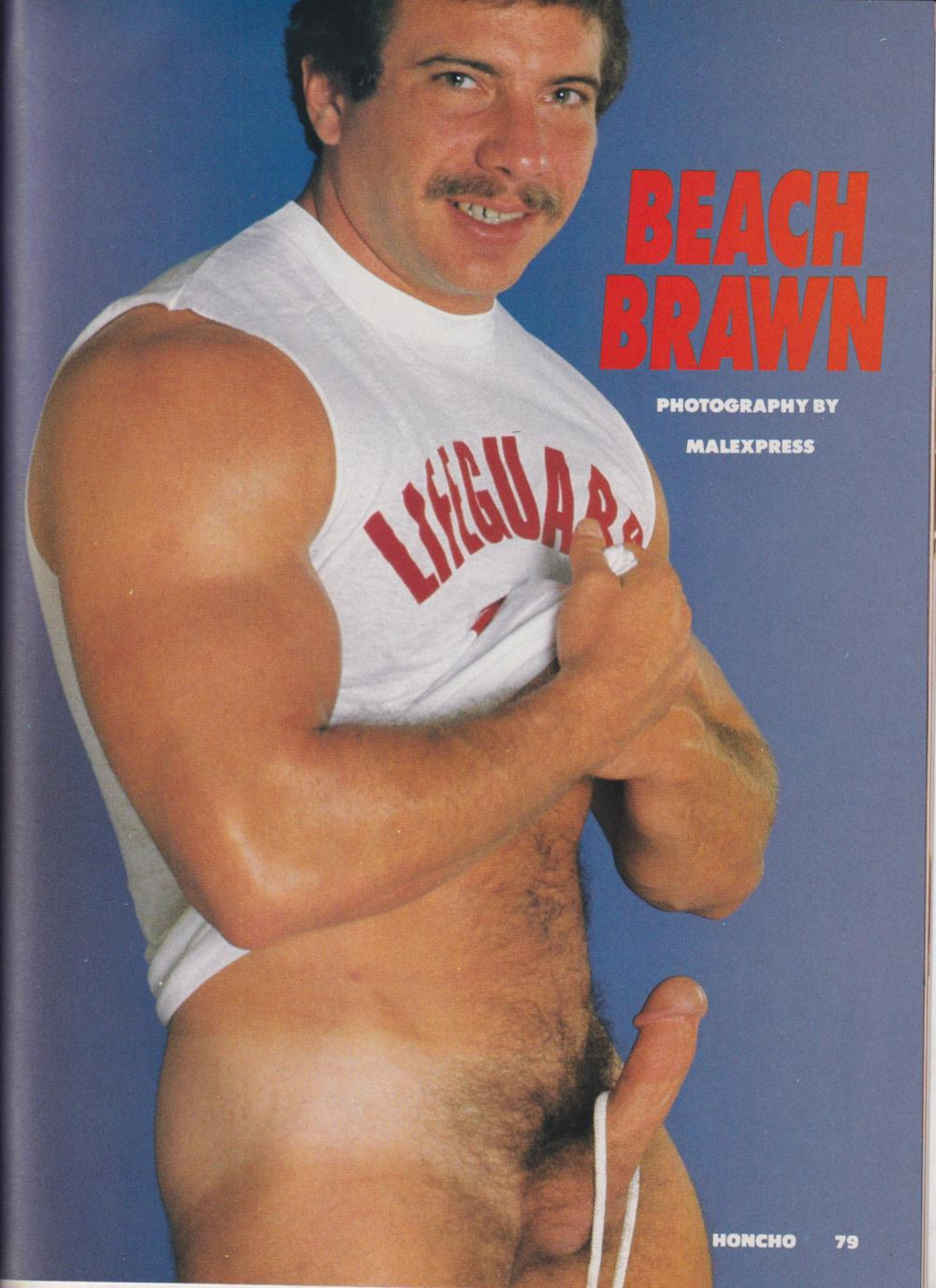

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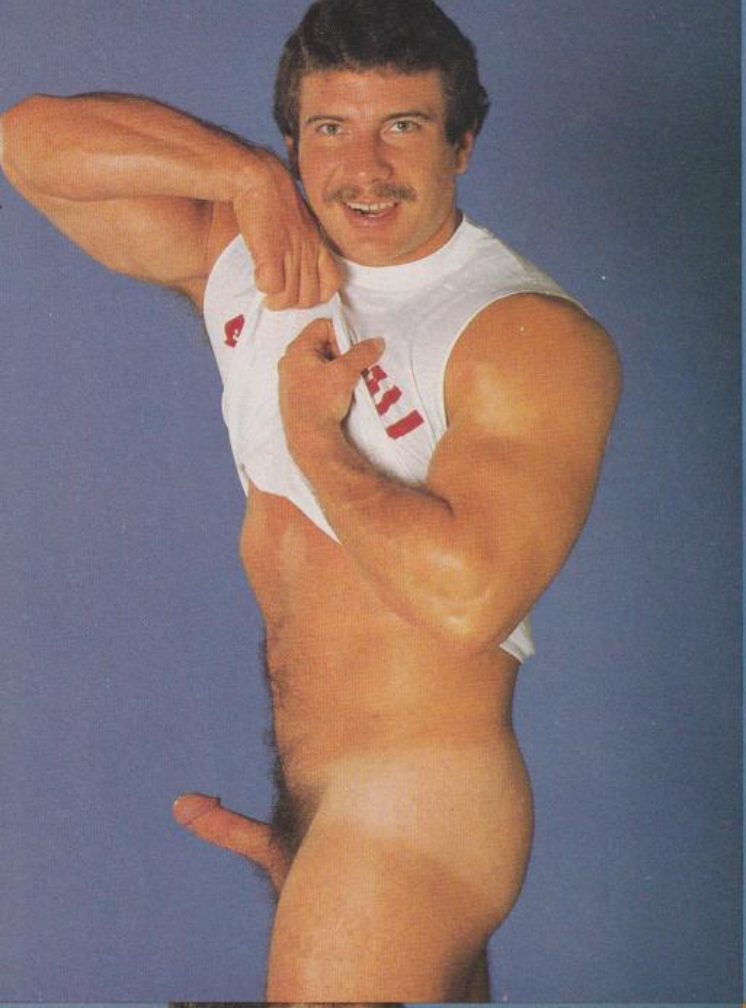
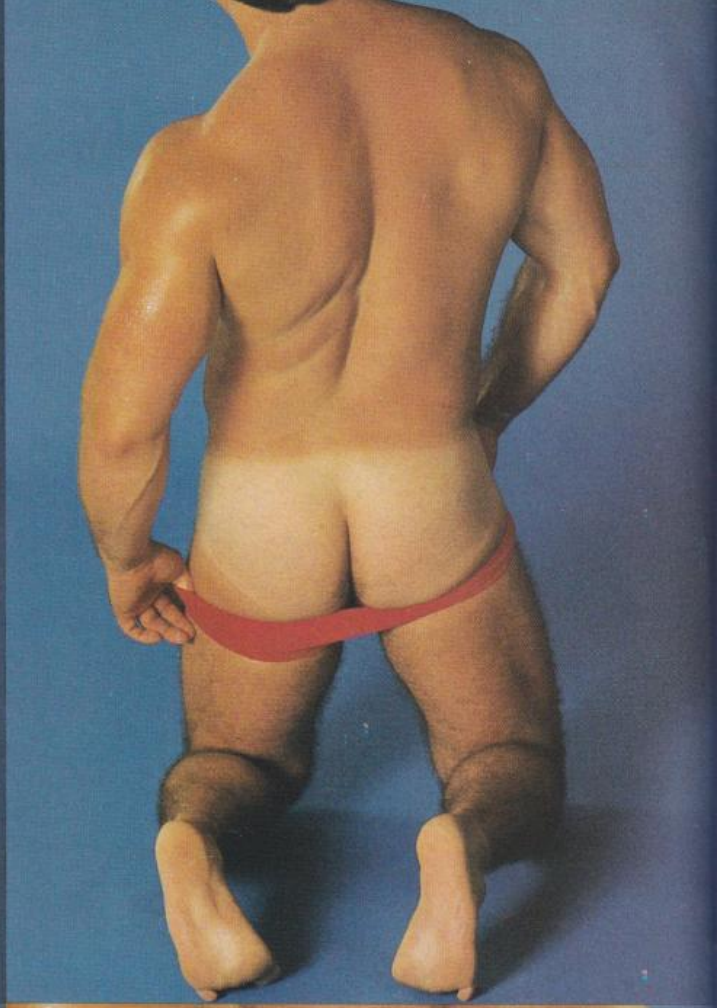
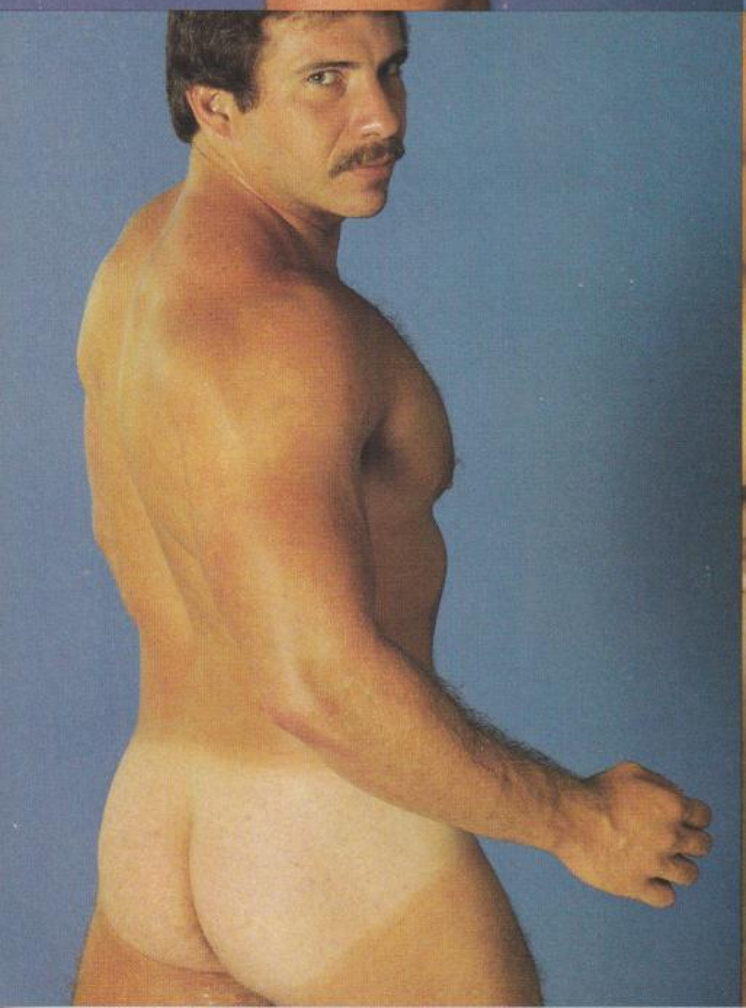

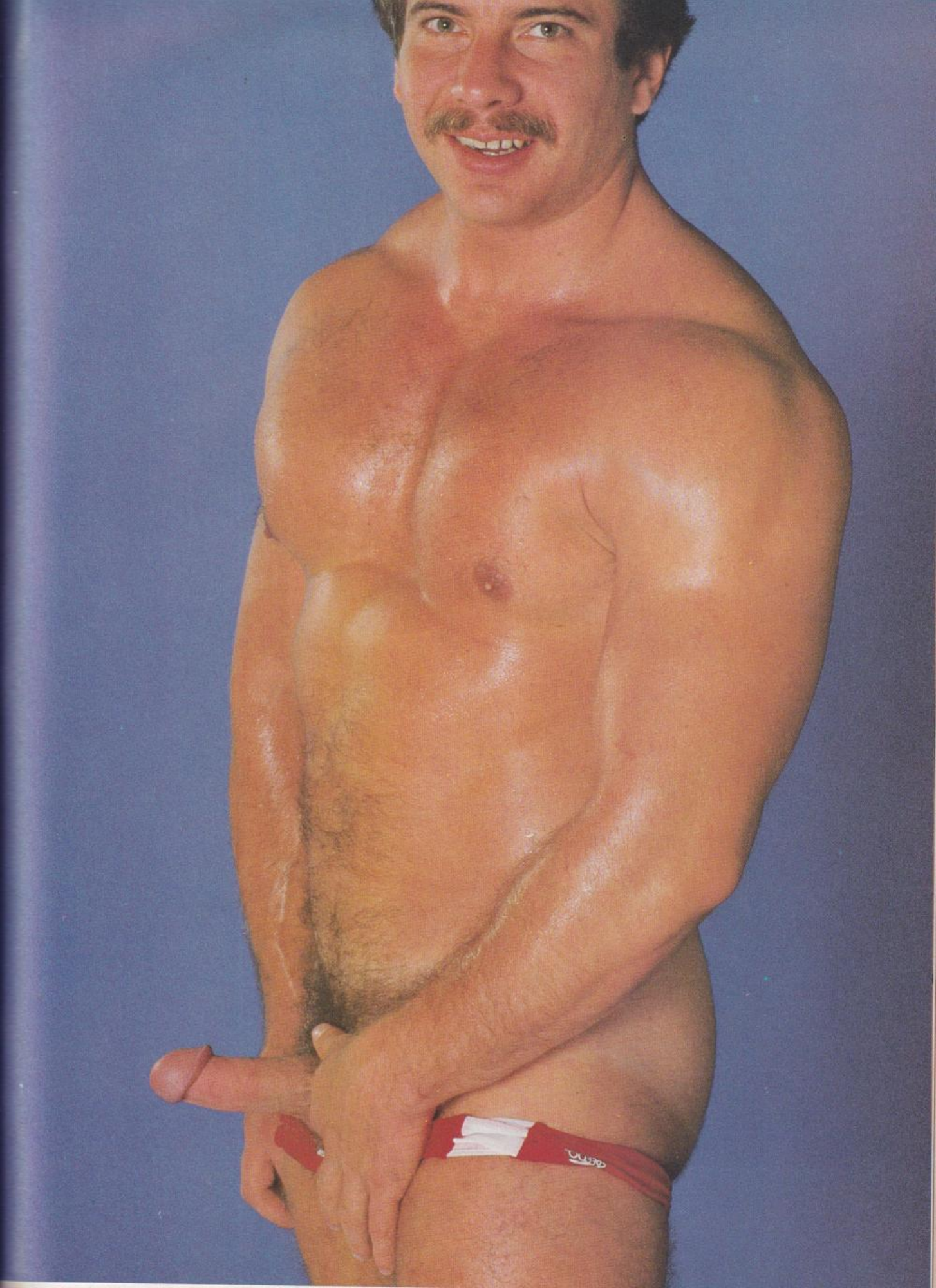

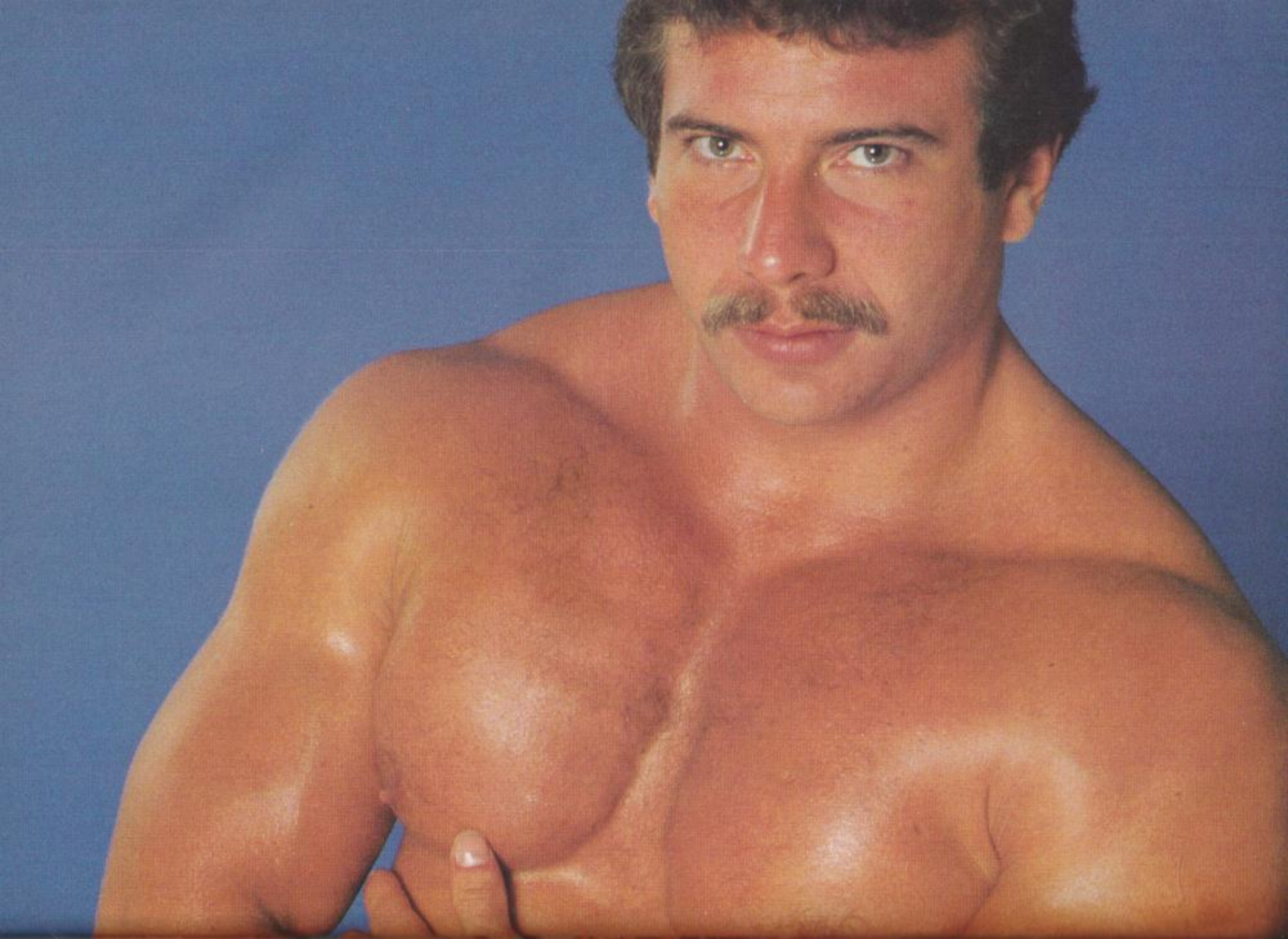

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Fire Island Orgy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

his large hands and rammed his dick down my throat, pressing my face against his steel belly. Tears gushed from my eyes as he held my head in place with his vise-like grip. I could neither gag nor breathe, but then he placed his large hands on my shoulders and gently slid my throat off his dick and pushed my limp form back, face down flat on the bed.

His deep voice commanded, "Assume the spreadeagle position. You! Eat his asshole."

One of the dudes was immediately at my sweaty trough slurping hungrily away. I *loved* it and I knew that I wanted it to never stop. Then my leather man flipped me over and raised my legs in the air. My asshole was dripping with spit and pulsating with the need for thick meat. It needed stuffing bad.

"Hey! Are you going to take my big stump in that lousy hole of yours?"

"Yes, sir!"

He placed the blunt head against my slippery hole and without a second's hesitation, shoved it slowly, but deliberately all the way in until I felt his stretched, hard balls against my butt. I knew I had no choice but to take it all. No entreaties of "take it out" would have been heard. I didn't *want* him to take it out. I wanted it to stay there forever. Slowly he began to move that thick piston in and out. Then suddenly, without warning, he pulled out and rammed that thick rod back in my hole with a hard slap of his belly against my thighs. I screamed in pleasure or pain I don't know which. He motioned to one of the guys with buns like big, ripe melons.

"Straddle him. Sit on his face!"

And then I saw descending down onto my outstretched tongue, the sweetest hole of all. The cheeks were hairy, but the hole had been shaved out in preparation to be licked.

I felt my load building up and I only hoped that I wouldn't shoot before my leather man did. Oh, but that sweet hole over my face, that smell of asshole sweat made me forget all anxiety. My master then thrusting forward with all his might, said evenly, "I want you to take it like a man."

I thrust my chest upwards and he pushed forward and then up, stretching my asshole to the max. To bear the heavenly pain, I worked my tongue furiously on that throbbing hole while I slapped at the guy's ass cheeks. My own hole was rammed harder and harder with heavy, thick cock. I felt him begin to pulse and my own load started careening along my tubes—no stopping now. I felt the explosion in my ass as he rammed his pole up to the hilt and held it still, throbbing out a load so large that I felt it pouring out of my hole, stuffed with cock though it was. I felt my own load hitting my chest as the dude whose hot hole I was eating poured his cream out on my screaming tits. Then I heard the shouts of the others as they spurted across the bed. My master pulled out slowly and gently. I got up, gazed into his merry eyes and I knew that this was but the beginning of many, many, nights of bliss.

The experience had been so intense for all of us that no one said a word for about three minutes. We just looked at each other in disbelief. Suddenly, the identical idea filled all our heads—"the ocean!" We rushed out into the night. The full moon lay a silver carpet of welcome across the water. We dove into the surf and with shouts of joy frolicked in the surging foam. ■

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

minutes, wriggling and squirming all over my chest. His gushing cum flew across my pecs and abs.

I made him lick off all his cum he'd spilled onto my chest. He cleaned out my navel with his grateful tongue. Then I rolled him over, upended his dilating butthole and packed his sweet brownies but good.

Marco and me left Bill laid out in a puddle of cum on the counter. We'd let Bill mop up after us that night—and every night after that. Hell, he'd be happy to do anything for the fucking Marco and me could give him. After that night I knew I wouldn't have any trouble from Bill. I had Bill wrapped round my little finger—*or* my big dick.

As we left, Bill was naturally begging for just one more quick butt-fucking from me. I stuck a pickle up his ass instead. Maybe some other time, I told him, if he asked nice. After all, what did he expect for minimum wage? ■

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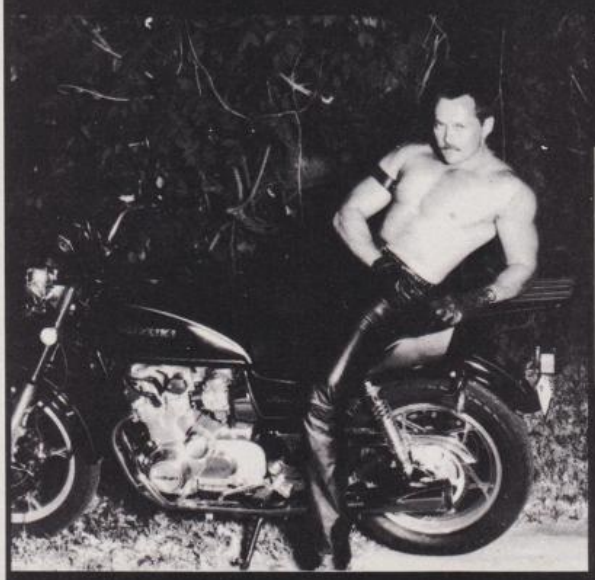

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

pulling his firm, plugged ass cheeks farther apart with both his hands and that the cold slippery grease was being smeared over his buttocks by Garry's gripping fingers...Dominic assumed that Garry was merely trying to help him keep his half of the dildo inside his ass...but then something hard and slippery struck Dominic below his coccyx, in the crack of his ass just above where the rubber cock was lunging wildly in and out of his taut-stretched hole.

And then, incredibly, he felt Garry trying to jam the blunt head of his greased-up prick into his asshole from behind! Garry was trying to get his cock in there, next to the dildo!

Dominic groaned as the massive solidity of Garry's flesh-and-blood organ forced his sphincter still wider open and slid deep into his already full anus. He was being fucked twice over—stuffed with both real and artificial cock—ripped right open by the devastating combination of Garry's ruthless, demanding hard-on and that rubber monstrosity he already had jammed up into his ass!

Garry gripped Dominic's hips and thrust himself brutally into that well-fucked ass. Dominic's seared sphincter yielded suddenly and the stud's big cock tore right into his hole, ramming deep until its full length was pressed against the shaft of the dildo, both tools lodged securely between Dominic's shuddering, convulsing rectal walls.

Garry began to fuck Dominic with the same long, steady strokes that the dildo was making! Dominic sobbed and screamed while he was taken that way, the most sensitive part of his body violated twice over, doubly fucked!

But then—once again—the agonizing discomfort faded away, as a ferocious sexual need was kindled deep in his anus and blew up quickly into a blazing bonfire of lust!

Dominic was astonished by how responsive his asshole had become! He was, surprisingly, more acutely aware of Garry's cock inside him than of the larger and longer dildo. His ass seemed to be lined with raw nerve endings, all of them crackling and tingling with a dangerous overload of erotic energy.

Dominic's body seemed to respond to the slightest beat of Garry's pulse in a swollen vein along the guy's cockshaft—and the stud's every deep thrust within his butt sent him into a nirvana of the

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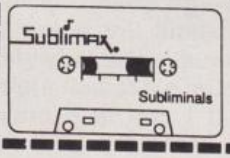

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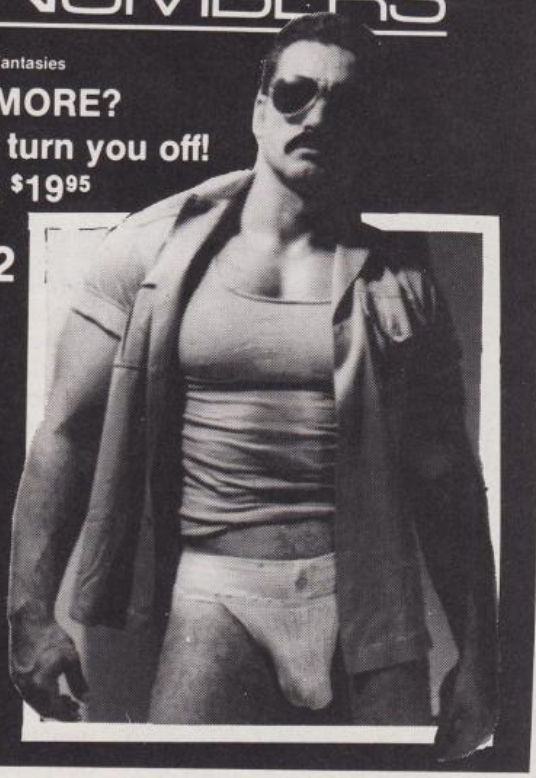

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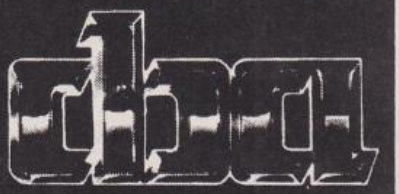

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most intense sexual feeling Dominic had ever known!

God! he had thought that being blown by Ian was the limit, the best sex he'd ever had...and then, that sucking Garry's big cock was even better... that fucking himself with the dildo was the ultimate, the wildest, hottest sex trip of all! But now this new thrill wiped the others out of Dominic's memory completely!

He threw his ass back against his stud-fucker's groin and tightened his anal muscles to please him while the other man took him from behind as though they were both the bestial, shameless, wholly sensual creatures they were acting like.

"Oh, Garry, fuck me—fuck my ass! Shove your big fat dick up my hole and fuck it—hard! Ian!—Ram that rubber cock up my ass, don't be so fucking greedy, stop trying to keep the whole damn thing for yourself! Yeah, play with my tits, guys— squeeze 'em, pinch 'em—harder, harder—go ahead, bruise the fuckers! I think I'm going to come again! I must've already shot off a quart of cum since last night! I don't know if I can take much more of this, men! My ass, my ass—your big cock in my ass! Fucking me! Yeah, man, fuck me, fuck me some more...more, more!"

Dominic's impassioned cries for cock turned to raw howls of sexual frenzy as the combined stimulation of the dildo and Garry's potent dick fucking his ass simultaneously overwhelmed him. A fuck-convulsion shook his battered body from head to foot, only to be succeeded by another—and another, each preorgasmic spasm seeming to begin in intensity where its predecessor had left off.

The excitement mounted until it was unbearable...but Dominic was forced to endure it! He had no choice!

His thighs gripped the dildo to keep it firmly implanted in his ass as his cock twitched again and again, exactly as though it were ejaculating, although no semen actually came out. Maybe he had been fucked dry already and couldn't come any more!

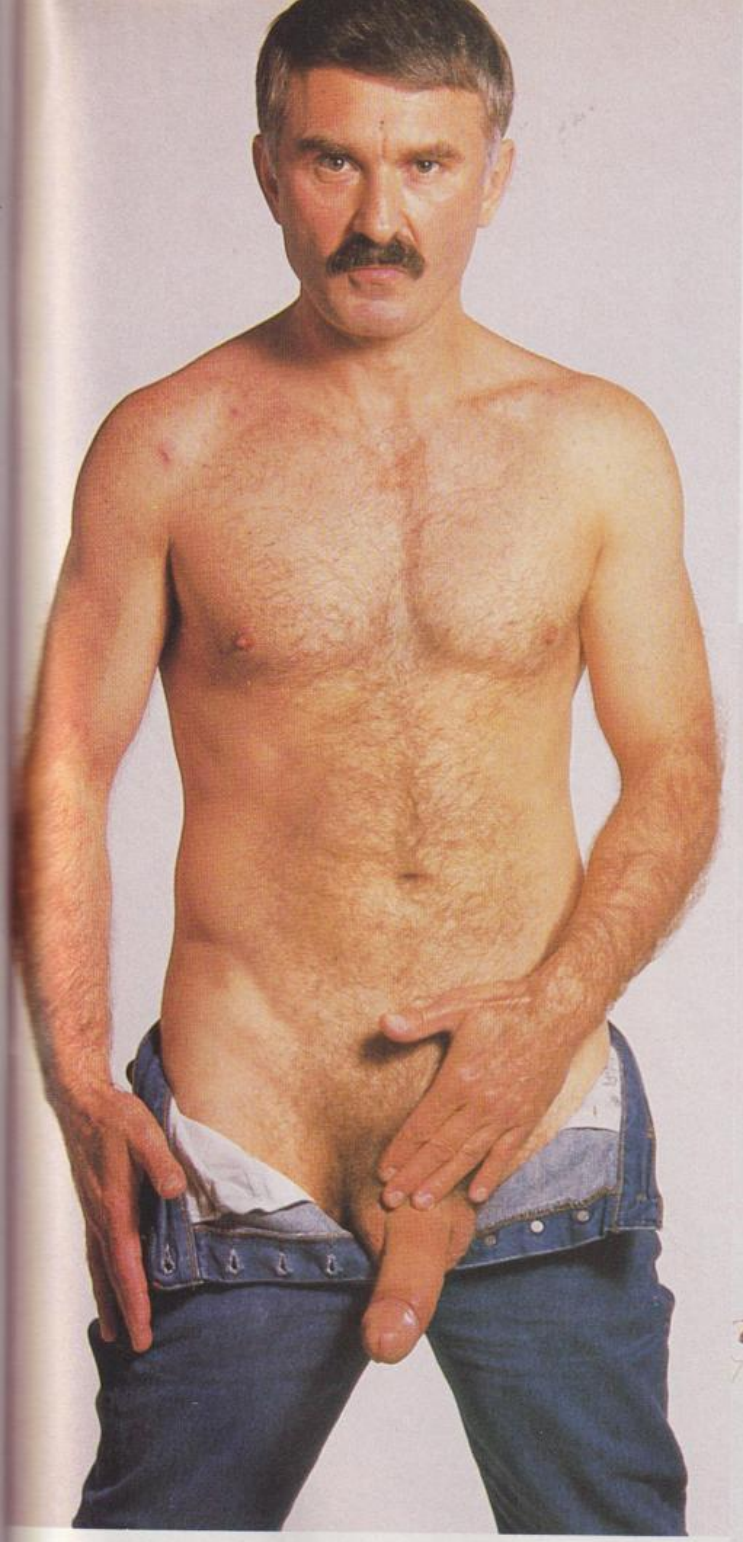
But Dominic was determined to try, even if the rash attempt killed him! He tightened his anal muscles desperately and squeezed Garry's cock as hard as he could while the muscular brown-haired stud worked that thick fuckpole rapidly, violently, back and forth within his tight, hot anal channel, fucking it and fucking it!

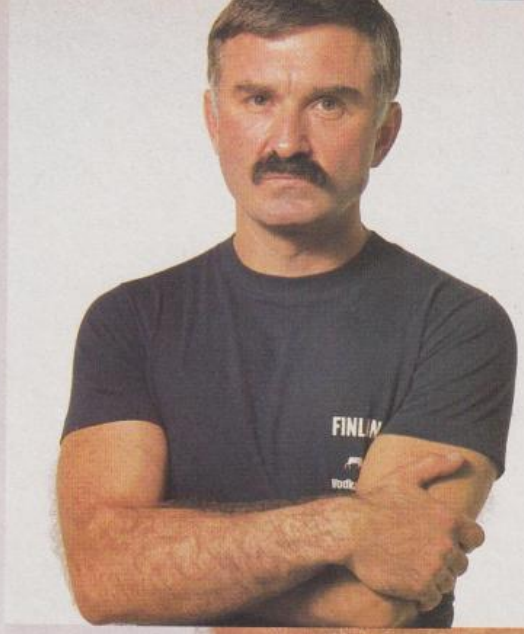
At last Garry flung his head back and grunted like a stuck boar when the stimulation became overpowering, too much even for a man with his extraordinary sexual stamina. Groaning, he crushed Dominic back against his chest with both arms while his cock spat its juices deep into the man's brutalized asshole.

As that gigantic dick fired its hot load into his ass—as the dildo, wet and slippery with melted Crisco and cum that Garry was pouring out over it, slid even more rapidly in and out of his manhole—as Ian, anally impaled on the other end of the long curved instrument of erotic torture, his eyes closed, his mouth open and panting, fell forward and collapsed against Dominic's torso while his own orgasm hit him—as Garry pumped the rest of his seemingly inexhaustible supply of warm semen up his ass—as all of these wild, perversely thrilling, new sensations melted into a blur of steamy sexual excitement and ecstasy—Dominic prepared to abandon himself completely and unreservedly to what he knew was going to be the most intense ejaculation he'd experienced yet...a climax of near-fatal proportions, that would propel him, by its devastating effects upon his body and mind, to discard his former naive notions about sex and redefine them from the ground up!

As he surrendered himself, body and soul, to this sublime yet terrible ecstasy, Dominic opened his mouth and triumphantly screamed out his passion for the whole world to hear and envy:

"Fuck me, both of you, fuck my ass, my ass! God damn! I wish I had a cock in my mouth, too, down my throat, so I could suck it off while yours fills my rear end, Garry... while you shove that big rubber prick in and out of my shit-hole, Ian! While both of you studs fuck me! I'm coming, I can feel it building up in my balls, guys! I'm coming *again*! And *again* And—oh, *again*!" ■





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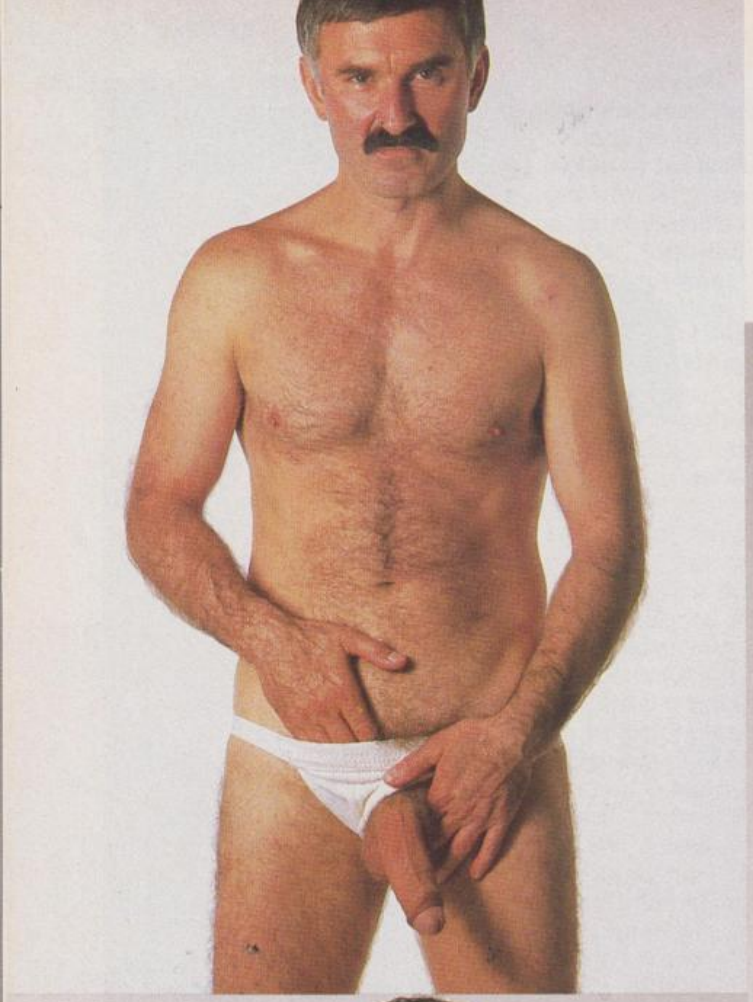

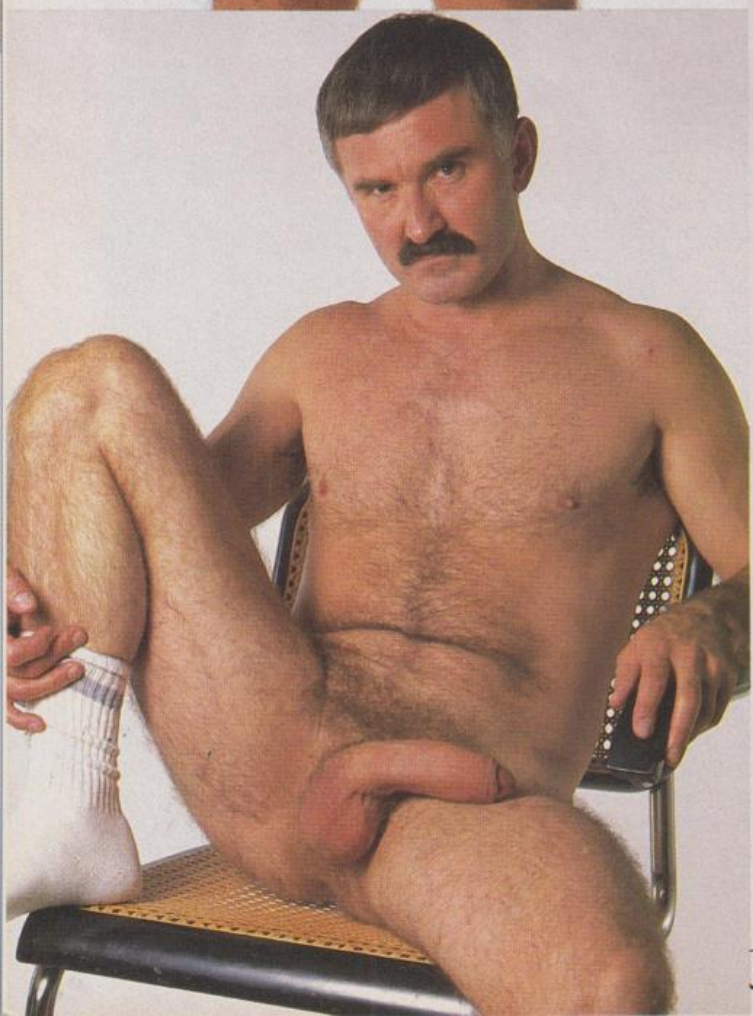

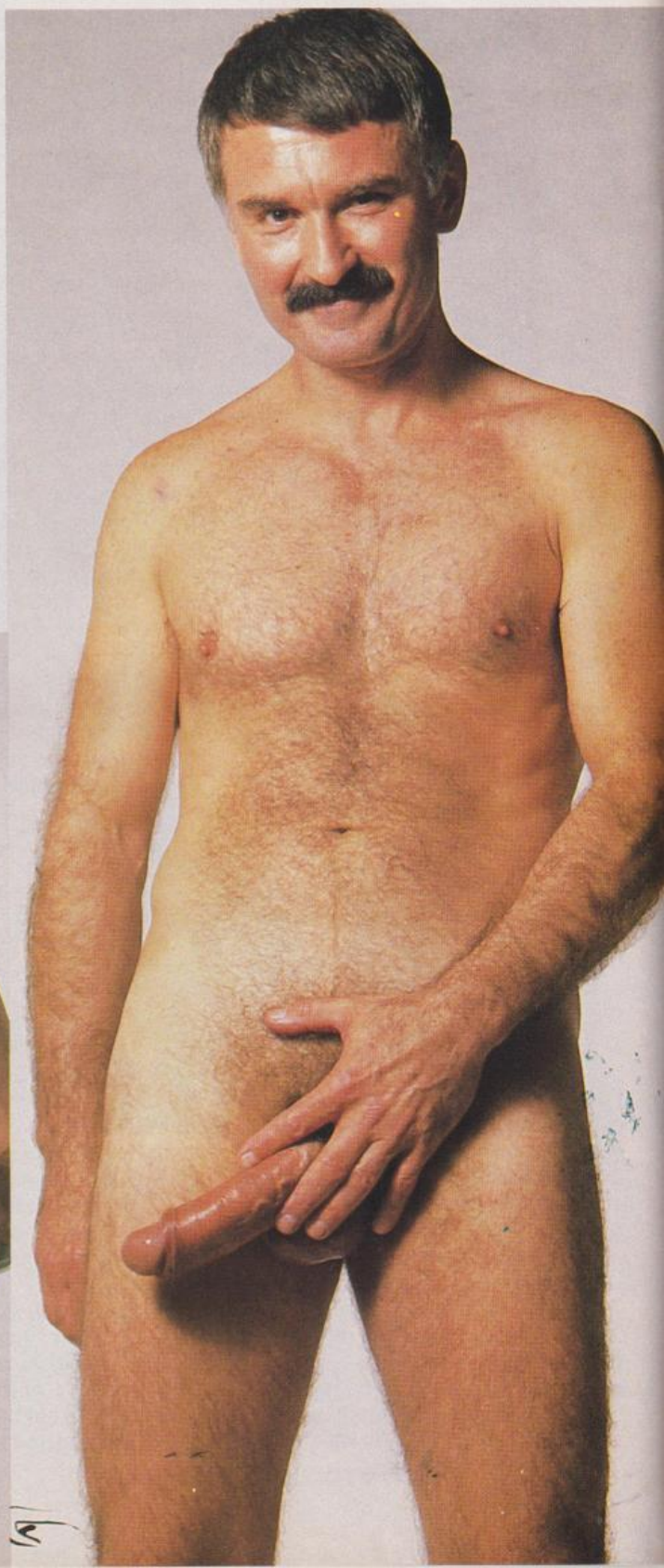

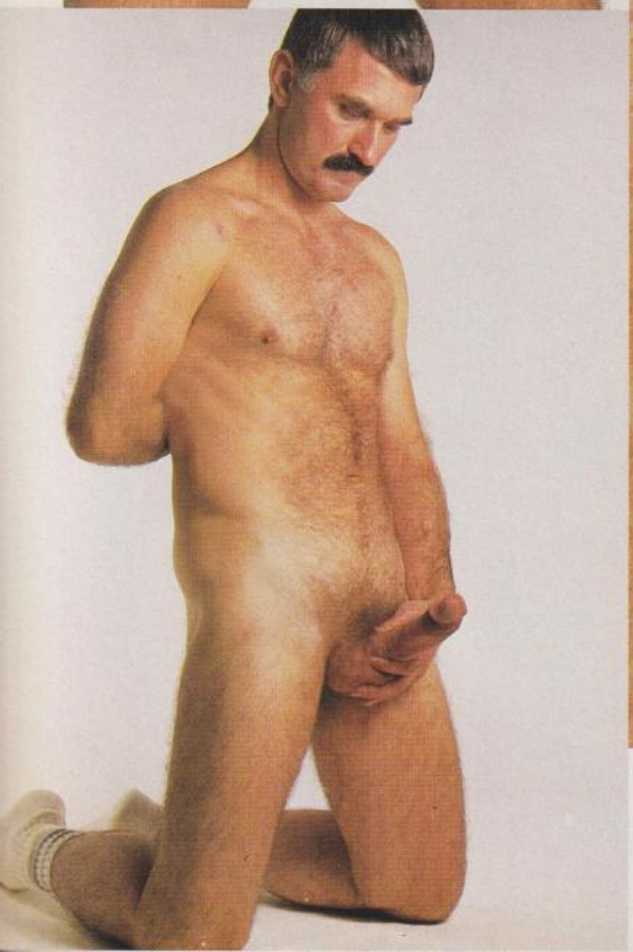

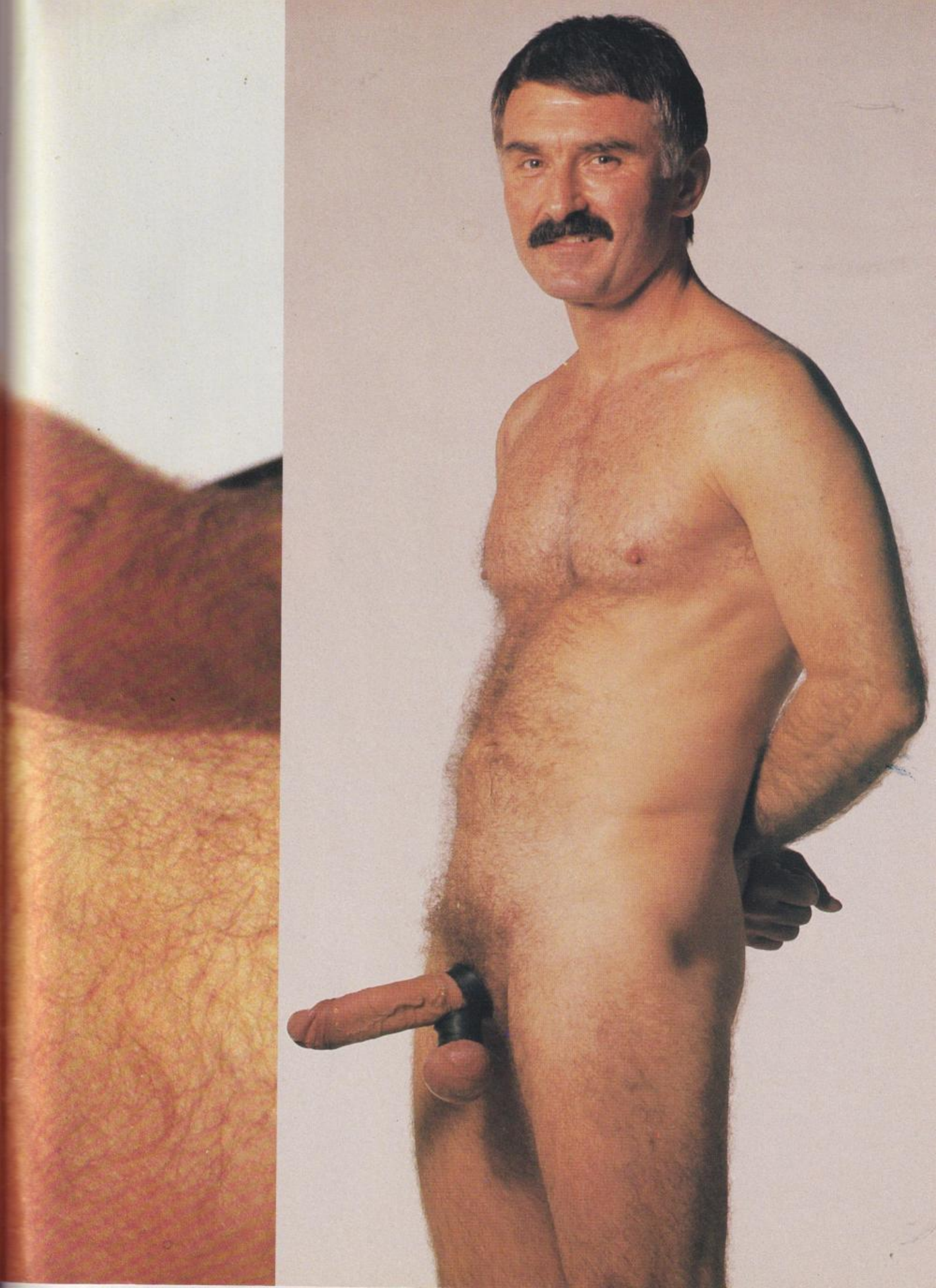

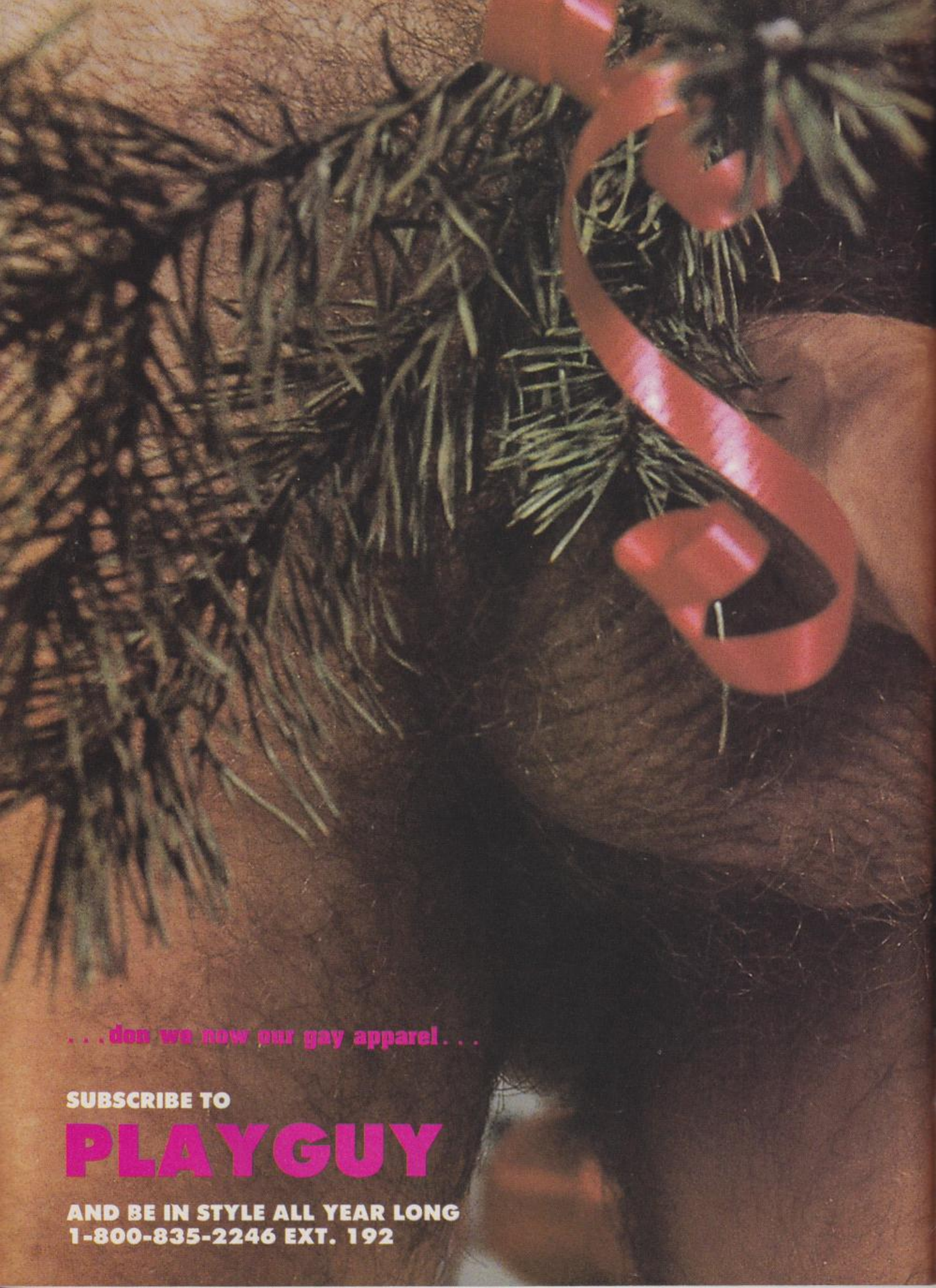
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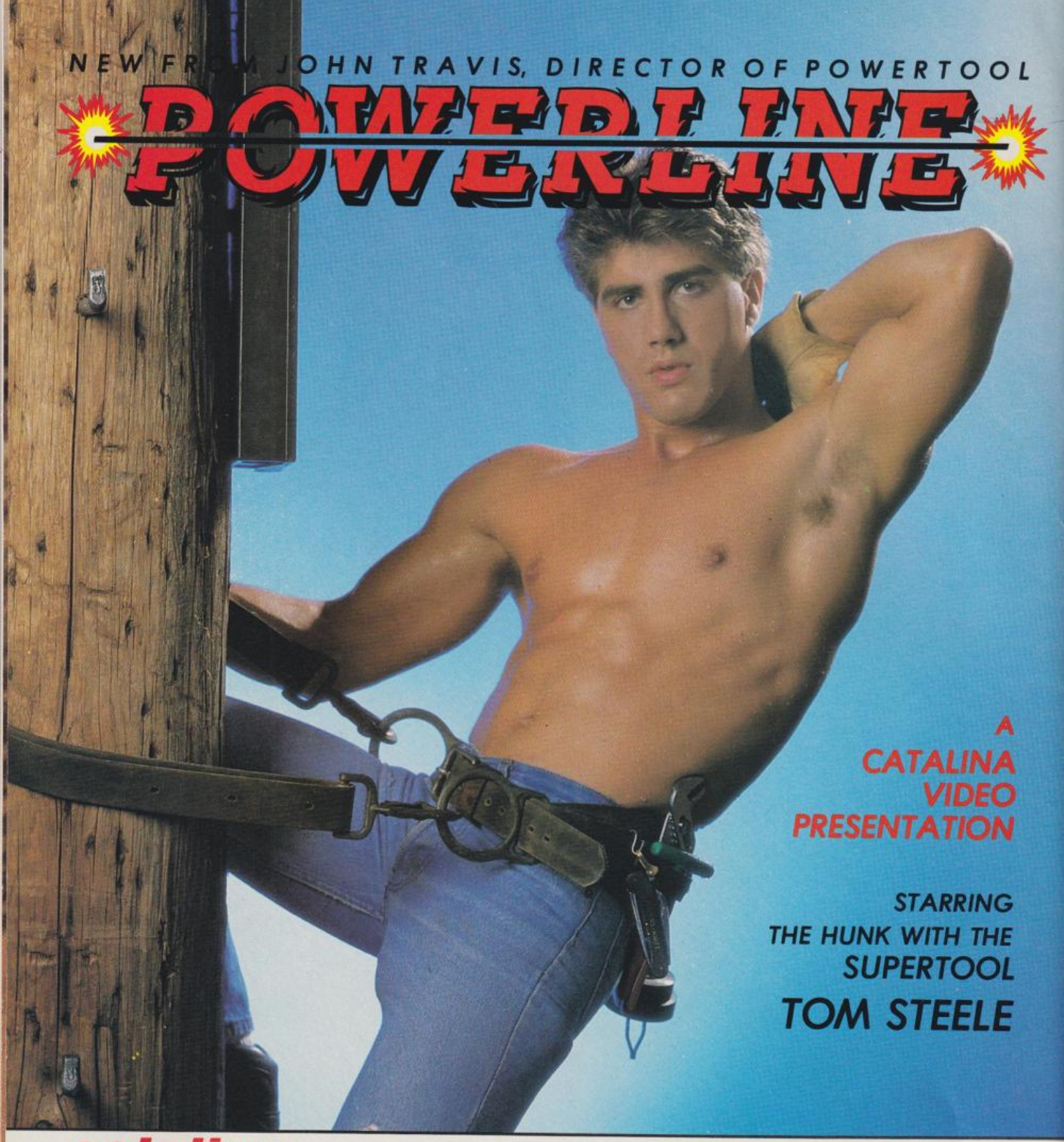
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